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CRITICAL REVIEW.

For J U N E, 1793.

The Works of Cornelius Tacitus; by Arthur Murphy, Esq. With an Essay on the Life and Genius of Tacitus; Notes, Supplements, and Maps. 4to. 4l. 4s. Boards. Robinsons. 1793.

AMONG the various remains of antiquity there are none, perhaps, which have a stronger claim upon our attention than the works of Tacitus. They are equally instructive to the philosopher, the historian, the moralist, and the politician. They regard some of the greatest and most interesting events which have occurred in the world; they exhibit a greater variety of character than any similar production; they abound in the most pointed and useful reflexions; and, for energy of sentiment and beauty of composition, stand unrivalled by any historical writings ancient or modern.

Posterity is, perhaps, under a more serious obligation to Tacitus than to any other historian. He is the author among the ancients who has depicted the horrors of despotism in the most striking colours, and who has afforded the most impressive lessons against that debasement of national character, which submits tamely to the yoke of slavery. To princes not less than to the people he affords the best instruction; in displaying the internal misery of tyrants, he warns those who are clothed with authority to avoid their fate.

It is a very singular circumstance, that while most of the monuments of Greek and Roman genius have been made familiar to the British nation by excellent translations, none has before appeared of this distinguished historian, which a person of good taste would even endure to peruse: yet there were three English translations extant previous to this of Mr. Murphy. The first was published so early as the reign of queen Elizabeth, by Greenway and sir Henry Saville; the second was by Dryden and others, but this we suspect to be chiefly a spurious translation from the French; the third was by Mr. Gordon, which has become almost proverbial for the vicious and affected style in which it is composed. It is, indeed, in

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some parts, scarcely intelligible, and is assuredly not English, since neither the grammar nor the idiom of that language is preserved. In the course of our review we shall compare a few specimens of Mr. Gordon's translation with that before us, in order to enable our readers to judge more perfectly of the merits of Mr. Murphy's performance. We omit in this enumeration the elegant translation of the Manners of the Germans, and the Life of Agricola, by Dr. Aikin, as they constitute so small a portion of the works of our historian.

One reason why no person, from the time of Mr. Gordon to the present period, has attempted to present this invaluable work to the public in an English dress, is undoubtedly the difficulty of the undertaking. Tacitus is not only obscure, but he possesses a style of such peculiar animation, so condensed, so brilliant, that even men of abilities, feeling the disadvantageous comparison that must be drawn by every man of letters between the copy and the original, have shrunk from the task. On this account, had Mr. Murphy been even less successful than we think him, the attempt would have been glorious; to achieve even something is a kind of triumph where most adventurers have failed or been discouraged.

The volumes before us are dedicated to Mr. Burke: as a compliment due to a man of genius and an eminent scholar, we should have cordially approved of the conduct of our translator in this instance, had he not imprudently exhibited his patron in the character of 'a patriot spirit, the champion of truth and of his country.' Great as is our respect for Mr. Burke as a man of talents, we cannot forget his conduct and his sentiments during the American war, contrasted with those which he at present avows. Either he was wrong then, or he is wrong now; either then he was not the *champion of truth*, or he is not so at the present crisis. We cannot forget the manner in which he has formerly expressed himself of the first personage in the kingdom, compared with the flattery and compliment which he has since lavished upon every head that wears a crown: either at that period he was not a *patriot spirit*, or we cannot account him such at present. They are not Mr. Burke's friends who bring him too forward to the public eye in these characters. Neither can we agree that 'the vigilance, the zeal, and ardour, of Mr. Burke have saved this country from being the theatre of rapine,' &c.—We should rather say, that the imprudence of Mr. Burke excited a contest in this country which might have been fatal to the constitution, had not the still superior imprudence, or rather the atrocious conduct, of the French republicans, supplied us with a seasonable antidote.

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This circumstance, however, does not detract from Mr. Murphy's merit as a translator of Tacitus, and we mention it lest it should be misconstrued to his disadvantage. Every amiable man must feel a bias from private friendship; and the prejudices of a translator, when confined to a Dedication, cannot make the work either worse or better.

The Dedication is succeeded by an 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Tacitus,' which does credit both to the author's taste and industry. Mr. Murphy candidly confesses that all that can be given of the life of his author is to be collected from a few scattered fragments: he might have added, chiefly from the *disjecta membra* found in the letters of the Younger Pliny.

Tacitus appears to have been born about the year of Rome 809 or 810, and applied himself early to the labours of the bar, in which he gained very considerable reputation. Having married the daughter of Agricola, the road to public honours was laid open to him in the reign of Vespasian; but during the sanguinary and capricious tyranny of Domitian, he, as well as his friend Pliny, appears to have retired from the theatre of public affairs. The reign of Nerva restored these luminaries of Roman literature to the metropolis, and we find Tacitus engaged, in the year 850, to pronounce the funeral oration of the venerable Virginus Rufus, the colleague of the emperor in the consulship, and afterwards succeeding him as consul for the remainder of the year.

The Treatise on the Manners of the Germans was published in 851.—In the year 853, Pliny and Tacitus were appointed by the senate to plead the cause of the oppressed Africans against Marius Priscus, a corrupt proconsul, who was convicted before the fathers, and the patriot orators were honoured with a declaration that they had executed their trust to the entire satisfaction of the house.

The exact time when Tacitus published his history is uncertain, but it was in some period of Trajan's reign, who died suddenly, A. U. C. 870, A. D. 117.—The history comprises a period of twenty-seven years, from the accession of Galba, 822, to the death of Domitian, 849. The history being finished, he did not think he had completed the tabature of slavery; he went back to the time of Tiberius, and the second work, which, however, comes first in the order of chronology, includes a period of fifty-four years from the accession of Tiberius, 767, to the death of Nero, 821: this work is termed 'Annals:'

'The style, says Mr. Murphy, of the Annals differs from that of the History, which required stately periods, pomp of expression, and harmonious sentences. The Annals are written in a strain more subdued and temperate: every phrase is a maxim: the

narrative goes on with rapidity; the author is sparing of words, and prodigal of sentiment: the characters are drawn with a profound knowledge of human nature, and when we see them figuring on the stage of public business, we perceive the internal spring of their actions; we see their motives at work, and of course are prepared to judge of their conduct.

'The Annals, as well as the History, have suffered by the barbarous rage, and more barbarous ignorance of the tribes that overturned the Roman empire. Part of the fifth book, containing three years of Tiberius, the entire four years of Caligula, the six first of Claudius, and the two last of Nero, have perished in the wreck of literature. We find that Tacitus intended, if his life and health continued, to review the reign of Augustus, in order to detect the arts by which the old constitution was overturned to make way for the government of a single ruler. This, in the hands of such a writer, would have been a curious portion of history; but it is probable that he did not live to carry his design into execution. The time of his death is not mentioned by any ancient author. It seems, however, highly probable that he died in the reign of Trajan, and we may reasonably conclude that he survived his friend Pliny. Those two writers were the ornaments of the age; both men of genius; both encouragers of literature; the friends of liberty and virtue. The esteem and affection, with which Pliny thought of our author, is evident in several of his Letters, but no where more than in the following passage: "I never was touched with a more sensible pleasure, than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me that, at the last Circensian games, he sat next to a stranger, who, after much discourse on various subjects of learning, asked him if he was an Italian, or a provincial? Tacitus replied, your acquaintance with literature must have informed you who I am. Ay! said the man; pray then is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking with? I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find that our names are not so much the proper appellations of men, as a kind of distinction for learning itself." Had Pliny been the survivor, he, who lamented the loss of all his friends, would not have failed to pay the last tribute to the memory of Tacitus.'

We shall conclude this sketch of the author with our ingenious translator's remarks on his literary character in general:

'To the generous and noble principle that guided his pen throughout his work, he united a fund of knowledge, and the colours of eloquence. Every short description is a picture in miniature: we see the person, acting, speaking, or suffering: our passions are kept in a tumult of emotion; they succeed each other in quick vicissitude; they mix and blend in various combinations; we glow with indignation, we melt into tears. What a picture have we of
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Tiberius, the close, disguised, systematic tyrant! the slave in the isle of Caprea to his unnatural vices, and, amidst his pleasures, a prey to his own guilty conscience! We behold his inward torture, *the laniatus pectoris!* In what an amiable light is Germanicus represented! How noble his speech to the seditious soldiers! What landscape painter can equal the description of the field covered with the limbs of the legions slaughtered under Varus? And when at last we see Germanicus on his death bed in Syria, can a more interesting and pathetic scene be presented to our imagination? When his wife, Agrippina, at the port of Brundisium, issues forth from the ship, leading her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes fixed on that melancholy object, amidst the mournful, and, it may be said, the eloquent silence of spectators crowded on the walls, on tops of houses, and on the coast, can the terrible graces of that whole description be sufficiently admired? Messalina is represented in the truest colours; odious for her vices, detested for her crimes, yet, by the magic pencil of Tacitus, made in the end an object of compassion. When we see her in the gardens of Lucullus, stretched on the ground, with her mother weeping over her; when we hear that mother exhorting her to end her misery; when we see the daughter with a feeble arm aiming a poinard at her breast, yet irresolute, hesitating, unable to execute her purpose; and at last, with the assistance of the tribune, dying in the arms of her afflicted mother; we yield to the sensations of humanity; we pity the unhappy victim, and, almost forgive her crimes. In the account of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, conducted from a ship-wreck to her own villa, and, after all the uproar of crowds and mariners on the sea-coast, terrified by the mournful silence all around her, we have a picture of distress that keeps the heart in agitation; and it may be asked, in the whole compass of history, is there any thing so truly affecting as her two last words, *Ventrem feri?* The mother of Nero says to the centurion, plunge your sword in my womb! An ingenious French critic has selected the passages in Homer that present subjects for the canvass of the artist; but it may safely be said, that a more interesting collection may be found in Tacitus. The wife of Arminius coming forth from the castle, where she was besieged with Segestes her father, presents a subject worthy of the finest painter. We see her before us, breathing the spirit of her husband, determined, silent, not a tear falling, with her eyes fixed on her womb, then pregnant with an infant to be born in slavery. To mention all the instances of a similar nature, were an endless task; for, in fact, the Annals may be called an historical picture gallery. It is by that magic power that Tacitus has been able to animate the dry regularity of the chronologic order, and to spread a charm through the whole, that awakens curiosity, and enchains

attention. How different from the gazette style of Suetonius, who relates his facts in a calm unimpassioned tone, unmoved by the distress of injured virtue, and never rising to indignation. Tacitus, on the contrary, sits in judgment on the prince, the senate, the consuls, and the people; and he finds eloquence to affect the heart, and through the imagination to inform the understanding. The History of Tacitus is Philosophy teaching by examples.'

'The love of brevity, which distinguishes Tacitus from all other writers, was probably the consequence of his early admiration of Seneca; and, perhaps, was carried farther by that constant habit of close thinking, which could seize the principal idea, and discard all unnecessary appendages. Tacitus was sparing of words, and lavish of sentiment. Montesquieu says he knew every thing, and therefore abridged every thing. In the political maxims and moral reflections which, where we least expect it, dart a sudden light, yet never interrupt the rapidity of the narrative; the comprehensive energy of the sentence gives all the pleasure of surprise, while it conveys a deep reflection. The observations, which Quintilian calls *lumina sententiarum*, crowded fast on the author's mind, and he scorned to waste his strength in words; he gave the image in profile, and left the reader to take a round-about view. His style may be compared to the mode adopted by Poppæa, who, we are told, wore a veil that shaded, or seemed to shade her face, lest her beauty, by being too much displayed, might tarnish in the eye of the public; or because that style of dress was graceful and becoming. It may be asked, is Tacitus never obscure? He certainly is: his own laconic manner, and, it may be added, the omissions of the copyists, have occasioned some difficulties; but he, who has made himself familiar with the peculiarities of the style, will not be much embarrassed. By due attention to the context, the true, or at least the probable meaning may be always found. But still it may be said, that, in so long a work, one continued strain of studied brevity fatigues the ear, and tires the reader by an unvaried and disgusting monotony. Variety, it must be admitted, would give new graces to the narrative, and prevent too much uniformity. The celebrated Montagne observes, that Tacitus abounds with strong and vigorous sentences, often constructed with point and sublety, agreeably to the taste of the age, which delighted in the gay and brilliant; and when those were not in the thought, the writer was sure to find an antithesis in the expression. And yet it is remarkable that the same writer, who owns that for twenty years together he read by fits and starts, tells us himself, that he read Tacitus a second time in one regular train without interruption.'

Annexed to these remarks is a copious, and, we believe, a correct account of the best editions and translations of Tacitus.

In conformity with our promise, and to enable our readers fairly to judge of the merit of this translation, compared with that of Mr. Gordon, we shall select a few passages from both. The first relates to the character of that despicable hypocrite, who first effected the ruin of Roman liberty.

Mr. GORDON'S Translation.

‘ Hence much and various matter of observation concerning Augustus. The superstitious multitude admired the fortuitous events of his fortune; “ that the last day of his life, and the first of his reign, was the same; that he died at Nola, in the same village, in the same house, and in the same chamber, where his father Octavius died. They observed to his glory, his many consulships, equal in number to those of Valerius Corvinus and of Caius Marius joined together: that he had exercised the power of the tribuneship seven and thirty years without interruption: that he was one and twenty times proclaimed *imperator*; with many other numerous honours repeated to him, or created for him.” Men of deeper discernment entered further into his life, but differed about it. His admirers said, that his filial piety to his father Cæsar, and the distractions of the republic, where the laws no longer governed, had driven him into a civil war; which, whatever be the first cause, can never be begun or carried on by just and gentle means. Indeed, to be revenged on the murderers of his father, he had made many great sacrifices to Anthony; many to Lepidus. But when Lepidus was become sunk and superannuated in sloth; when Anthony was lost headlong in sensuality, there was then no other remedy for the distracted state, rent piece-meal by its chiefs, but the sovereignty of one. Augustus, however, never had assumed to rule over his country as king, or dictator; but settled the government under the legal name of *Prince of the Senate*. He had extended the empire, and set for its bounds the distant ocean, and rivers far remote; the several parts and forces of the state, the legions, the provinces, the navy, were all properly balanced and connected; the citizens lived dutifully under the protection of the law, the allies in terms of respect, and Rome itself was adorned with magnificent structures. Indeed, in a few instances, he had exerted the arbitrary violence of power; and in but a few, only to secure the peace of the whole.”

‘ In answer to all this it was urged, that “ his filial piety, and the unhappy situation of the republic, were pure pretences; but the ardent lust of reigning, his true and only motive: with this spirit he had solicited into his service, by bribery, a body of ve-

teran soldiers; and, though a private youth, levied an army. With this spirit he had debauched, and bought the Roman legions under the consuls, while he was falsely feigning a coalition with Pompey's republican party; that soon after, when he had procured from the senate, or rather usurped the honours and authority of the pretorship; and when Hirtius and Pansa, the two consuls, were slain, he seized both their armies; that it was doubted whether the consuls fell by the enemy, or whether Pansa was not killed by pouring poison into his wounds, and Hirtius slain by his own soldiers; and whether the young Cæsar was not the contriver of this bloody treason; that by terror he had extorted the consulship in spite of the senate; and turned against the commonwealth the very arms with which the commonwealth had trusted him for her defence against Anthony. Add to all this, his cruel proscriptions, and the massacre of so many citizens; his seizing from the public, and distributing to his own creatures, so many lands and possessions; a violation of property not justified even by those who gained by it. But, allowing him to dedicate to the manes of the dictator the lives of Brutus and Cassius (though more to his honour, had it been to have postponed his own personal hate to public good,) did he not betray the young Pompey by an insidious peace, betray Lepidus by a deceitful shew of friendship? Did he not next ensnare Mark Anthony, first by treaties, those of Tarentum and Brundisium; then by a marriage, that of his sister Octavia? And did not Anthony, at last, pay with his life the penalty of that subdolous alliance? After this, no doubt there was peace, but a bloody peace; bloody in the tragical defeat of Lollius, and that of Varus, in Germany; and at Rome, the Varrones, the Egnatii, the Julii, (illustrious names!) were put to death." Nor was his domestic life spared upon this occasion. "He had arbitrarily robbed Nero of his wife big with child by her husband; and mocked the gods by consulting the priests, whether religion permitted him to marry her before her delivery, or obliged him to stay till after. His minions, Tediæ, and Vedius Pollio, had lived in scandalous and excessive luxury; his wife Livia, who wholly controuled him, had proved a cruel governess to the commonwealth, and to the Julian house a more cruel step-mother. He had even invaded the incommunicable honours of the gods, and, setting up for himself temples like theirs, would, like them, be adored in the image of a deity, with all the sacred solemnity of priests and sacrifices. Nor had he adopted Tiberius for his successor, either out of affection for him, or from concern for the public welfare; but having discovered in him a spirit proud and cruel, he sought future glory from the blackest opposition and comparison." For, Augustus, when, a few years before, he solicited the senate to grant to Tiberius another term of the authority of the tribuneship, though he mentioned him with honour, yet taking notice of his

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odd humour, behaviour, and manners, dropt some expressions, which, while they seemed to excuse him, exposed and upbraided him.'

Mr. MURPHY's Translation.

' Augustus now became the subject of public discussion. Frivolous circumstances engaged the attention of the greater number. They observed, that the anniversary of his accession to the imperial dignity, was the day of his death. He died at Nola, in the same house, and in the same chamber, where Octavius his father breathed his last. They called to mind, in wonder and amaze, the number of his consulships, equal to those of Valerius Corvinus and Caius Marius put together. The tribunitian power continued in his hands during a series of seven and thirty years; he was saluted Emperor no less than one and twenty times; and other titles of distinction were either invented or revived, to adorn his name. Reflections of a different kind were made by thinking men. They rejudged the life of the emperor, and pronounced with freedom. By his apologists it was argued, "that filial pity to his adoptive father, the distraction of the times, and the ruin of the laws, made the part he took in the civil wars an act of necessity; and civil war can neither be undertaken nor conducted on principles of honour and strict justice. To revenge the death of Julius Cæsar, was the primary motive. To obtain that end, he made concessions to Anthony, and he temporised with Lepidus: but when the latter grew grey in sloth, and the former fell a victim to his voluptuous passions, the commonwealth, convulsed by party divisions, had no resource but the government of one. There was, however, no monarchy, no dictator; content with the unassuming title of Prince of the Senate, he established peace, and settled the constitution. The ocean and far distant rivers marked the boundaries of the empire. The legions, the provinces, and the fleets of Rome acted in concert, with all the strength of system. Justice was duly administered at home; the allies were treated with moderation; and magnificent structures rose to adorn the capital. Violent measures were rarely adopted, and never but for the good of the whole."

' To this it was answered, "Filial piety, and the distraction of the times, were nothing but a colour to varnish over the lust of dominion. It was the ambition of Augustus that gained the veterans by a profusion of largesses; it was ambition that raised an army, when he was yet a young man, and in a private station. By bribery and corruption he seduced to himself the forces of the consuls. To the friends of Pompey's party he wore a mask, affecting republican principles: he deceived the senate; and by an extorted decree possessed himself of the fasces, and the prætorian authority. How long did the consuls Hirtius and Pansa survive that event?

event? They were both cut off. Did they fall by the hand of the enemy? Who can be certain that Pansa did not die by poison infused into his wound, and Hirtius by the treachery of his own soldiers? If that was their fate, is it clear that Augustus was not an actor in that scene of iniquity? That he put himself at the head of both their armies, is a fact well known. Having extorted the consulship from a reluctant senate, he threw off the mask, and turned against the commonwealth the arms which had been entrusted to him in the cause of liberty against Mark Anthony. What shall be said of the fury of proscriptions? He seized the lands of Roman citizens, and divided them among his creatures. These were acts of violence, to this hour unjustified even by those who advised the measure.

“To atone for the death of a father, Brutus and Cassius fell a sacrifice: so far, perhaps, may be allowed; but whether that deadly feud, when the good of the commonwealth required it, might not have been, to his immortal honour, appeased in silence, may still be made a question. Be it as it may, the younger Pompey was ruined by an insidious peace, and Lepidus was undone by treachery. Mark Anthony relied upon the treaties of Tarentum and Brundisium: he went further; he married the sister of Augustus; and, in consequence of that insidious alliance, lost his life. Peace, it is true, was soon after established: but what kind of peace? The slaughter of Lollius and Varus stained it in Germany; and the massacre of the Varros, the Egnatii, and the Julii, made Rome a theatre of blood.”

‘From the public conduct of Augustus, a transition was made to his domestic character. “Livia was taken by force from Tiberius Nero, her lawful husband; she was then advanced in her pregnancy: whether in that condition she was under a legal disability to contract a second marriage, was indeed referred to the pontifical college; but that very reference was a mockery, that turned all religion to a jest. His two favourites, Quintus Tedi-
us and Vedius Pollio, were distinguished by nothing but riot and debauchery. To crown the whole, Livia ruled him with unbounded sway; to the commonwealth a fatal empress, and to the Cæsarian family a pernicious step-mother. The honours due to the gods were no longer sacred: Augustus claimed equal worship. Temples were built, and statues were erected, to him: a mortal man was adored, and priests and pontiffs were appointed to pay him impious homage. In calling Tiberius to the succession, he neither acted from motives of private affection, nor of regard for the public welfare. He knew the arrogance and innate cruelty of the man, and from the contrast hoped to derive new lustre on himself.” That he knew the inward frame and cast of Tiberius, appears from a fact that happened a few years before. The business

ness of granting to that prince a renewal of the tribunitian power, was depending in the senate. Augustus, in his speech upon that occasion, made honourable mention of him; but, at the same time, threw out oblique reflections on his conduct, his deportment, and his manners. With affected tenderness he seemed willing to palliate all defects; but the malice of the apology wounded the deeper.

The history of the infamous *lex majestatis* cannot fail to be interesting.

Mr. GORDON's Translation.

'The ornaments of triumph were this year decreed to Aulus Cæcina, Lucius Apronius, and Caius Silius, for their services under Germanicus. The title of *Father of his Country*, so often offered by the people to Tiberius, was rejected by him: nor would he permit swearing upon his acts, though the same was voted by the senate. Against it he urged "the instability of all mortal things; and that the higher he was raised, the more slippery he stood." But for all this ostentation of a popular spirit he acquired not the reputation of possessing it. For he had revived the law concerning violated majesty; a law which in the days of our ancestors, had indeed the same name, but implied different arraignments and crimes, namely those against the state; as when an army was betrayed abroad, when seditions were raised at home; in short, when the public was faithlessly administered, and the majesty of the Roman people was debased. These were actions, and actions were punished, but words were free. Augustus was the first who brought libels under the penalties of this wrested law, incensed as he was by the insolence of Cassius Severus, who had in his writings wantonly defamed men and ladies of illustrious quality. Tiberius too, afterwards, when Pompeius Macer, the prætor, consulted him, "whether process should be granted upon this law?" answered, "that the laws must be executed." He also was exasperated by satirical verses written by unknown authors, and dispersed; exposing his cruelty, his pride, and his mind unnaturally alienated from his mother.'

Mr. MURPHY's Translation.

'Triumphal ornaments were this year decreed to Aulus Cæcina, Lucius Apronius, and Caius Silius, for their conduct under Germanicus. The title of *Father of his Country*, so often pressed upon him by the people, Tiberius once more declined; nor would he consent that men should be sworn on his acts, though a vote for that purpose had passed the senate. For this self-denial, he alleged the instability of human affairs, and the danger of the sovereign, always growing in proportion to the eminence on which

he stands. Popular as this sentiment was, no man thought it sincere. He who had lately revived, in all its rigour, the law of violated majesty, could not be considered as the friend of civil liberty. The title, indeed, of that law was known in ancient times, but the spirit of it differed from the modern practice. During the old republic, the treachery that betrayed an army, the seditious spirit that threw the state into convulsions, the corrupt administration that impaired the majesty of the Roman people, were the objects of the law. Men were arraigned for their actions, but words were free. Augustus was the first who warped the law to new devices. The licentious spirit of Cassius Severus, whose satirical pen had ridiculed the most eminent of both sexes, excited the indignation of the prince; and the pains and penalties of violated majesty were, by a forced construction, extended to defamatory libels. After his example, Tiberius, being asked by the prætor, Pompeius Macer, whether in such prosecutions judgment should be pronounced, returned for answer, that the law must take its course. The fact was, Tiberius in his turn had felt the edge of satire in certain anonymous verses, circulated at that time, and keenly pointed at his pride, his cruelty, and his dissensions with his mother.'

It was not long before Tiberius had an opportunity of putting this law in force.

About this time, Libo Drusus, descended from the Scribonian family, was accused of a conspiracy against the state. The history of this transaction in all its stages, its rise, its progress, and its final issue, shall be here laid open. The detail will not be uninteresting; since we are now arrived at that black period, which engendered that race of men, who, for a series of years, were the scourge and pest of society. Libo owed his ruin to his intimacy with Firmius Catus, a member of the senate. Catus saw in his friend, besides the impetuosity of youth, a cast of mind susceptible of vain illusions and superstitious credulity. He saw that the judicial astrology of the Chaldæans, the mysteries of the Magi, and the interpreters of dreams, would be sure to make their impression on a wild and distempered imagination. In such a mind the flame of ambition might be easily kindled. With that intent, he urged the dignity of Libo's ancestors: Pompey was his great grandfather; Scribonia, once the wife of Augustus, was his aunt; the two young Cæsars were his relations; and his house was crowded with images, that displayed an illustrious line of ancestors. Having thus inflamed his pride, he contrived to engage the young man in a course of luxury, and, by consequence, to involve him in a load of debt. He watched him closely in the hour of wild profusion, and in the scenes of distress that followed; affecting with

with tender regard to be his constant companion, yet lying in wait for evidence; and playing the part of a friend, to be at last a pernicious enemy.

‘ Having procured a competent number of witnesses, and among them such of the slaves as knew their master’s course of life, Catus demanded an audience of the emperor. By the means of Flaccus Vesularius, a Roman knight, much in the confidence of Tiberius, he had before hand disclosed the nature of his business. The emperor refused to grant an interview, and yet encouraged the informer, willing through the same channel to receive further intelligence. Libo in the mean time was raised to the dignity of prætor. He was a frequent guest at the imperial table. In those convivial moments, Tiberius never betrayed a symptom of suspicion. With gentle expressions, and looks of kindness, that master of dissimulation knew how to hide the malice of his heart. The follies of Libo’s conduct might have been checked in the beginning; but Tiberius chose to collect materials for a future day. It happened at last that one Junius, who pretended to raise the dead by magic incantations, was appointed, at the request of Libo, to exhibit the wonders of his art. This man hastened with the secret to Fulcinus Trio, at that time a noted informer, who possessed dangerous talents, and by any arts, however pernicious, wished to raise himself into public notice. Libo was cited to appear. Trio applied to the consuls for a solemn hearing before the senate. The fathers were convened to deliberate, as the summons informed them, on matters of moment, and a charge of the blackest nature.

‘ Libo changed his dress. In a mourning garb he went from house to house, attended by a female train of the first distinction. He importuned his friends, and among them hoped to find some one willing to undertake his defence. His application was without effect. His friends deserted him, with different excuses; but all from the common motive of fear. On the day of trial, sinking under his distress, and faint with real or pretended illness, he was carried in a litter to the senate-house. He entered the court, supported by his brother. At the sight of the emperor, he stretched forth his hands in the manner of a suppliant, and in a pathetic tone endeavoured to conciliate favour. Tiberius viewed him with a rigid and inflexible countenance. He then proceeded to open the charge, stating the particulars, and the names of the accusers; but in a style of moderation, neither aggravating nor extenuating the offence.

‘ Fonteius Agrippa and Caius Vibius, two new accusers, joined in support of the prosecution. Being now four in number, they could not agree among themselves which should take the lead. The point was contested with much warmth. Vibius at length observed, that Libo came to the trial without an advocate to support

port him; and therefore, to end the dispute with his associates, he undertook to detail in a plain and simple manner the heads of the charge. Nothing could be more wild and extravagant than some of the articles. He stated that Libo had made it a question to the fortune-tellers, whether he should ever be rich enough to cover with money the Appian road, as far as Brundisium. There were other allegations of the same stamp, equally void of common sense; or, to speak more truly, so weak and frivolous, that they could move no passion but pity.

‘ There was however one fact of a serious nature. A paper was produced, containing a list of the Cæsars, and also several senators, with remarks, or notes, which no man could decypher, annexed to their names. This was exhibited as the hand-writing of Libo. He insisted on his innocence. It was proposed to put his slaves to the torture. Their evidence, by the established rules of law, was inadmissible. By an ancient decree of the senate, it was ordained, that, where the master’s life was in danger, no slave should undergo the question. Tiberius, by a master-stroke of invention, found an expedient to evade the law. He directed a sale of the slaves to be made to the public officer, that, the property being altered, they might then be examined on a new principle, unknown to former times. Libo prayed an adjournment to the next day. Being returned to his own house, he sent by his relation, Publius Quirinius, an humble petition to the emperor: the answer was, “ he must address the senate.”

‘ A party of soldiers surrounded Libo’s house, and, with the brutal rudeness of men insolent in authority, forced their way into the vestibule, determined to make themselves heard and seen by the family. The prisoner was then at table, intending to make an elegant banquet the last pleasure of his life: but a mind in agony could relish nothing. Distracted, terrified, he called on his servants to dispatch him; he laid hold of his slaves, and endeavoured to force a sword into their hands. The servants, in agitation, made an effort to escape, and, in the struggle, overturned the light that stood upon the table. This to Libo was funereal darkness: he seized the moment, and gave himself two mortal stabs. His groans alarmed the freedmen, who crowded round their master. The soldiers followed; and seeing him at the point of death, had the decency to withdraw. The prosecution, however, did not die with the unfortunate victim. It was resumed in the senate with unabating severity. Tiberius made an end of the business, by declaring that, if the criminal had not done justice on himself, he intended, notwithstanding the manifest proof of his guilt, to have recommended him to the mercy of the fathers.

‘ The estate of the deceased was divided among the informers. Such of them as were of senatorian rank, were promoted to the prætorship, without the form of an election. Various motions

were

were made in the senate: Cotta Messalinus proposed that the image of Libo should not be carried in the funeral processions of his kindred; Cneius Lentulus, that the surname of Drusus should be no longer assumed by the Scribonian family. On the motion of Pomponius Flaccus, days of public thanksgiving were voted; and gifts were ordered to be presented to Jupiter, Mars, and Concord, at the desire of Lucius Pappius, Asinius Gallus, Papius Mutilus, and Lucius Apronius. It was further decreed, that the ides of September, the day on which Libo dispatched himself, should be observed as a festival. Of these resolutions, and their several authors, I have thought proper to record the memory, that adulation may be branded to all posterity, and that men may mark how long a servile spirit has been the canker of the commonwealth.'

As the journey of Agrippina is accounted, and justly, one of the most beautiful passages of our author, it will afford no bad touchstone of the merits of the rival translations; we shall therefore once more beg leave to introduce Mr. Gordon to our readers:

MR. GORDON'S Translation.

' Agrippina, notwithstanding the roughness of winter, pursuing without intermission her boisterous voyage, put in at the Island Corcyra, situated over-against the coasts of Calabria. Here, to settle her spirit, she spent a few days, violent in her grief, and a stranger to patience. Her arrival being the while divulged, all the particular friends to her family, mostly men of the sword, many who had served under Germanicus, and even many strangers, from the neighbouring towns, some in officiousness towards the emperor, more for company, crowded to the city of Brundisium, the readiest port in her way, and the safest landing. As soon as the fleet appeared in the deep, instantly were filled, not the port alone and adjacent shores, but the walls and roofs, and as far as the eye would go, filled with the sorrowing multitude. They were consulting one from one, how they should receive her, landing, "whether with universal silence, or with some note of acclamation." Nor was it manifest which they would do, when the fleet sailed slowly in, not, as usual, with joyful sailors and chearful oars, but all things impressed with the face of sadness. After she descended from the ship, accompanied with her two infants, carrying in her bosom the melancholy urn, with her eyes cast steadily down; equal and universal were the groans of the beholders: nor could you distinguish relations from strangers, nor the wailings of men from those of women, unless that the new-comers, who were recent in their sallies of grief, exceeded Agrippina's attendants, wearied out with long lamentations.

' Tiberius

• Tiberius had dispatched two Prætorian cohorts, with directions, that the magistrates of Calabria, Apulia and Campania, should pay their last offices to the memory of his son. Upon the shoulders therefore of the tribunes and centurions his ashes were borne; before went the ensigns, rough and unadorned, with the fasces reversed. As they passed through the colonies, the populace were in black, the knights in purple; and each place, according to its wealth, burnt precious rayment, perfumes, and whatever else is used in funeral solemnities. Even they whose cities lay remote, attended. To the gods of the dead they slew victims, they erected altars, and with tears and united lamentations, testified their common sorrow. Drusus came as far as Terracina, with Claudius the brother of Germanicus, and those of his children who had been left at Rome. The consuls Marcus Valerius and Marcus Aurelius (just then entered upon their office) the senate, and great part of the people, filled the road; a scattered procession, each walking and weeping his own way. In this mourning, flattery had no share; for all knew how real was the joy, how hollow the grief of Tiberius for the death of Germanicus.

• Tiberius and Livia avoided appearing abroad. Public lamentation they thought below their grandeur; or, perhaps, they apprehended that their countenances, examined by all eyes, might shew deceitful hearts. That Antonio, mother to the deceased, bore any part in the funeral, I do not find either in the historians or in the city journals, though besides Agrippina, and Drusus, and Claudius, his other relations are likewise there recorded by name; whether by sickness she was prevented; or, whether her soul, vanquished by sorrow, could not bear the representation of such a mighty calamity.—I would rather believe her to have been constrained by Tiberius and Livia, who left not the palace; and, affecting equal affliction with her, would have it seem, that, by the example of the mother, the grandmother too and uncle were detained.

• The day when his remains were repositied in the tomb of Augustus, various were the symptoms of public grief; now an awful silence, then an uproar of lamentation, the city in every quarter full of processions, the field of Mars in a blaze of torches. Here the soldiers under arms, the magistrates without the insignia, the people by their tribes, all cried in concert, that, “the commonwealth was fallen, and henceforth there was no remain of hope;” so openly and boldly, that you would have believed they had forgot who bore sway. But nothing pierced Tiberius more than the ardent affections of the people towards Agrippina, while they gave her such titles as “the ornament of her country, the only blood of Augustus, the single instance of ancient virtue;” and, while applying

applying to heaven, they implored "the continuance of her issue; that they might survive the persecuting and the malignant."

' There were those who missed the pomp of a public funeral, and compared with this the superior honours and magnificence bestowed by Augustus on that of Drusus the father of Germanicus; "that he himself had travelled, in the sharpness of winter, as far as Pavia, and thence, continuing by the corps, had with it entered the city; round his head were placed the images of the Claudii and Julii; he was mourned in the Forum; his encomium pronounced in the Rostras; all sorts of honours, such as were the inventions of our ancestors, or the improvements of their posterity, were heaped upon him. But to Germanicus were denied the ordinary solemnities, and such as were due to every distinguished Roman. In a foreign country indeed, his corps, because of the long journey, was burnt without pomp; but afterwards, it was but just to have supplied the scantiness of the first ceremony by the solemnity of the last. His brother met him but one day's journey; his uncle not even at the gate. Where were those generous observances of the ancients, the effigies of the dead borne on a bed, hymns composed in memory of their virtue, with the oblations of praises and tears? Where, at least, were the ceremonies, and even outside of sorrow?"

Mr. MURPHY's Translation.

' Agrippina pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigour of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution. She arrived at the island of Corcyra, opposite to the coast of Calabria. At that place she remained a few days, to appease the agitations of a mind pierced to the quick, and not yet taught in the school of affliction to submit with patience. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family, and most of the officers, who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns, some to pay their court, others carried along with the current, pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundisium, the nearest and most convenient port. As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbour, the sea-coast, the walls of the city, the tops of houses, and every place that gave even a distant view, were crowded with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast. In the hurry of their first emotions, men knew not what part to act: should they receive her with acclamations? or would silence best suit the occasion? Nothing was settled. The fleet entered the harbour, not with the alacrity usual among mariners, but with a slow and solemn sound of the oar, impressing deeper melancholy on every heart.

' Agrippina came forth, leading two of her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes stedfastly fixed upon

that precious object. A general groan was heard. Men and women, relations and strangers, all joined in one promiscuous scene of sorrow, varied only by the contrast between the attendants of Agrippina, and those who now received the first impression. The former appeared with a languid air; while the latter, yielding to the sensation of the moment, broke out with all the vehemence of recent grief.

‘Tiberius had ordered to Brundisium two prætorian cohorts. The magistrates of Calabria, Apulia, and Campania, had it in command to pay every mark of honour to the memory of the emperor’s son. The urn was borne on the shoulders of the centurions and tribunes, preceded by the colours, not displayed with military pomp, but drooping in disorder, with all the negligence of grief. The fasces were inverted. In the colonies through which they passed, the populace in mourning, and the knights in their purple robes, threw into the flames rich perfumes, spices, and garments, with other funeral offerings, according to the ability of the place. Even from distant towns the people came in crowds to meet the procession; they presented victims; they erected altars to the gods of departed souls, and by their lamentations marked their sense of the public calamity. Drusus advanced as far as Terracina, accompanied by Claudius, the brother of Germanicus, and the children of the deceased prince that had been left at Rome. The consuls, Marcus Valerius Messala, and Marcus Aurelius Cotta, who a little before had entered on their magistracy, with the whole senate, and a numerous body of citizens, went out to meet the melancholy train. The road was crowded; no order kept, no regular procession; they walked, and wept, as inclination prompted. Flattery had no share in the business: where the court rejoiced in secret, men could not weep themselves into favour. Tiberius indeed dissembled, but he could not deceive. Through the thin disguise the malignant heart was seen.

‘Neither the emperor nor his mother appeared in public. They imagined, perhaps, that to be seen in a state of affliction, might derogate from their dignity; or, the better reason was, that a number of prying eyes might unmask their inmost sentiments. It does not appear, either in the historians of the time, or in the public journals, that Antonia, the mother of Germanicus, took any part in the funeral ceremony. Agrippina, Drusus, Claudius, and the rest of the prince’s relations, are registered by name; but of Antonia no mention is made. She was probably hindered from attending by want of health, or the sensibility of a mother might be unequal to so severe a trial. To speak my own opinion, I am inclined to believe that nothing but the emperor and his mother could restrain her from the last human office to her son. If all three absented themselves, equal affliction might be inferred; and the
uncle.

uncle and grandmother might be supposed to find a precedent in the conduct of the mother.

‘The day on which the remains of Germanicus were deposited in the tomb of Augustus, was remarkable for sorrow in various shapes. A deep and mournful silence prevailed, as if Rome was become a desert; and, at intervals, the general groan of a distracted multitude broke forth at once. The streets were crowded; the Field of Mars glittered with torches; the soldiers were under arms; the magistrates appeared without the ensigns of their authority: and the people stood ranged in their several tribes. All, with one voice, despaired of the commonwealth; they spoke their minds without reserve, in the anguish of their hearts forgetting the master that reigned over them. Nothing, however, touched Tiberius so near, as the decided affection of the people for Agrippina, who was styled the ornament of her country, the only blood of Augustus, and the last remaining model of ancient manners. With hands upraised, the people invoked the gods, imploring them to protect the children of Germanicus from the malice of pernicious enemies.

‘There were at that time men of reflection who thought the whole of the ceremony short of that funeral pomp which the occasion required. The magnificence displayed in honour of Drusus, the father of Germanicus, was put in contrast to the present frugality. “Augustus, in the depth of winter, went as far as Ticinum to meet the body; and, never quitting it afterwards, entered the city in the public procession. The bier was decorated with the images of the Claudian and the Livian families: tears were shed in the Forum; a funeral oration was delivered from the rostrum; and every honour, as well of ancient as of modern invention, was offered to the memory of the deceased. How different was the case at present? Even the distinctions usually granted to persons of illustrious rank, were refused to Germanicus. The body was committed to the funeral pile in a foreign land; that was an act of necessity; but, to compensate for the first deficiency, too much could not be done. One day’s journey was all that a brother performed. The uncle did not so much as go to the city-gate. Where now the usage of ancient times? where the bed on which the image of the deceased lay in state? where the verses in honour of departed virtue? where the funeral panegyric, and the tear that embalms the dead? If real tears were not ready to gush, where, at least, were the forms of grief? and where the decency of pretended sorrow?”

After these specimens, our readers, we apprehend, will be disposed to agree with us, that a new translation of Tacitus was really wanted, and that Mr. Murphy has not unsuccessfully endeavoured to supply the deficiency. We mean shortly

to resume our task, and to expatiate more particularly on the translation before us; in the mean time we think it our duty to declare, that we have, in several instances, compared it carefully with the original, and that we have found it extremely correct, and generally animated and agreeable; that our translator appears always to have preserved the sense, sometimes the manner, and not seldom the dignity and spirit of his great original.

(*To be continued.*)

A Selection from the Harleian Miscellany of Tracts, which principally regard the English History; of which many are referred to by Hume. 4to. 1l. 1s. Boards. Kearsleys. 1793.

IN an advertisement prefixed to this useful and entertaining Collection, we are informed that the scarcity and high price of the Harleian Miscellany, has induced the editor of the following work to offer it to the public; that it is composed of a selection of those pieces which regard our own history, and which have been chiefly arranged in chronological order: that the volume contains in quantity one sixth of the Miscellany, and the price of it is a guinea, only one twelfth of what the original work now sells for.

As the Harleian Miscellany was published before the commencement of our Review, we shall give some account of the chief papers contained in the selection before us.

The first article is a life of William the Conqueror, but without a note to inform us by whom it was written. Indeed the want of such information forms the only fault in the present volume; on the other hand it is only fair to acknowledge, that it might not have been possible for the original compilers of this Miscellany to ascertain the author of every tract; and yet this circumstance would scarcely warrant the rejection of interesting or useful matter.

The next paper that follows, is a life of Edward II. supposed to have been written by Henry viscount Falkland. As a specimen of the style, we shall select the following paragraphs:

‘ But now begins a second fire of a higher nature, that made the kingdom a theatre stained with the noblest blood, that within her confines had or life or being. The king, discouraged with his former fortune, lays aside the thoughts of arms, and recalls into his wanton heart the bewitching vanities of his youth, that had formerly bred him such distemper. He was royally attended; but it was by those that made their tongues, rather the orators of a pleasing falsehood, than a true sincerity. These were fit instruments for such an ear, that would not hear, unless the music answered in an even correspondency. The infidelity of the servant
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is, in a true construction, the misery of the master; which is more or less dangerous, as is the weight or measure of his employment. It is in the election of a crown a principal consideration, to chose such attendants whose integrity may be the inducement, as well as the ability, else the imaginary help proves rather a danger than assistance. Neither is it safe or honourable for the majesty of a king, to seem to depend solely on the wisdom, care, or fidelity of one particular servant. Multiplicity of able men is the glory and safety of a crown, which falls by degrees into confusion, when one man alone acts all parts, whence proceeds a world of error and confusion.

‘ The king was not ignorant, that such a course would make such as were his but at second hand, yet he resolves to make a new choice of one to supply the room of his lost, beloved Gaveston. Though his diseased court was furnished with a large variety, yet his eye fixed on Hugh, the younger of the Spencers, who was always tractable and conformable to the king’s will and pleasure. This man was in show smooth and humble, of an insinuating spirit, one that knew his master’s ways, and was ever careful to observe them. He had applied himself wholly to Edward’s will, and fed his wanton pleasures with the strains of their own affection. Heat of spirit and height of blood, consult more with passion than reason, and a short deliberation may serve, where the subject was so pleasing, and to each side agreeable.

‘ The king, to make his resolutions eminent, with more haste than advisement, makes him his lord chamberlain, and lets the world know it was his love and will that thus advanced him. Scarcely is this new great officer warm in his unbenefitting authority, but he exactly follows his predecessor precedent to the life, making all things lawful that were agreeable to his master’s will, or his fantastical humour.

‘ The peers of the kingdom, that saw the sudden and hasty growth of this undeserving canker, resolve to lop or root it up, before it should overtop their lustre. Spencer, that in the precedent story of Gaveston, beheld the danger of his own condition, begins in time to provide and strengthen a party. His aged father fitter for his beads than action, he makes a young courtier, and wins the king to give him power and assistance. He labours to remove from his master’s ear all such as might endanger him, and supplies their places with such as were his creatures. Those that were too high for such a surprisal, by persuasion, money, or alliance, he seeks to engage, and make the parties of this his coming faction. The body of the court thus assured, his actions in the state went in an even correspondence. Those that held him at a distance, valuing their fidelity and honour before so

base an advantage, saw themselves disgracefully cashiered, and others installed in their rooms, that had neither worth, birth, or merit. The factious entertainers of his proffered amity, not only enjoy their own, but are advanced higher, which made them but the instruments to act and further the corruptions of his will and wicked nature.'

The next piece is a life of Edward the Black Prince, in which we find little remarkable.

A history of Perkin Warbeck succeeds, interlarded with Latin, and debased by some affectation.

This is followed by a most curious and interesting piece, the life of Cardinal Wolsey, written by Cavendish, his gentleman-usher. An account of the editions ought to have been given; and the editor might have known that there is, in the British Museum, a manuscript of this life, containing many variations and additions, which ought to have been printed. As this tract is almost the only specimen of that minute kind of writing, which the French term *memoirs*, to be found among us at so early a period, and is far from being so much known as it deserves, we hope to be pardoned for offering a fair extract.

Wolsey being appointed one of the king's chaplains, on the recommendation of an English knight, the governor of Calais, whom he had served, the first step of his great and sudden elevation depended on his dispatch and ability, displayed in a short embassy to Maximilian the emperor, to which office he was recommended by the bishop of Winchester and sir Thomas Lovell.

'The king, being now resolved to employ him in this embassy, commanded him, thereupon, to prepare himself for his journey; and, for his dispatch, wished him to repair to his grace and his council, of whom he should receive his commission and instruction. By means whereof, he had then a fit occasion to repair, from time to time, into the king's presence, who had, thereby, daily experience of his singular wisdom, and sound judgment. Thus having his dispatch, he took his leave of the king at Richmond, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he launched forth in a Gravesend barge, with a prosperous wind and a tide; and his happy speed was such, that he arrived at Gravesend in little more than three hours, where he tarried no longer than the post horses were provided; and he travelled so speedily, that he came to Dover the next morning, where the passengers were under fail to pass to Calais; so that, long before noon, he arrived there, and having post horses prepared, departed from thence without tarrying, making such hasty speed, that he was that night

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with the emperor; who, understanding of the arrival of the king of England's ambassador, would in no ways delay time, but sent for him incontinently; for his affection to the king of England was such, that he was glad of any opportunity to do him a courtesy.

‘ The ambassador declares the sum of his ambassy unto the emperor, of whom he craved speedy expedition, which was granted him; so that the next day he was clearly dispatched, and all the king's requests fully accomplished and granted. At which time he made no further stay, but took post-horses that night, and rode without intermission to Calais, being conducted thither by divers nobles, appointed by the emperor; and, at the opening of the gates of Calais, he came thither, where the passengers were ready to return for England, insomuch that he arrived at Dover between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

‘ And having post-horses in readiness, he came to the court at Richmond that same night; where, taking his repose until morning, he presented himself unto his majesty, at his first coming out of his bed-chamber to his closet, to mass, whom, when he saw, he checked, for that he was not on his journey.

‘ Sir, quoth he, if it may please your highness, I have already been with the emperor, and dispatched your affairs, I trust, to your grace's contentation; and, thereupon, presented the king with his letters of credence from the emperor. The king, wondering at his speedy return, he being so well furnished with all his proceedings, for the present dissembled his admiration and imagination in that manner, and demanding of him, whether he encountered with his pursuivant, which he sent unto him with letters, imagining him to be scarce out of London, which concerned very material passages which were omitted in their consultation, which the king earnestly desired should have been dispatched in his ambassage.

‘ Yes, forsooth, quoth he, I met with him yesterday by the way; and though I had no knowledge thereof, yet, notwithstanding, I have been so bold, upon my own discretion, perceiving the matter to be very necessary in that behalf, that I dispatched the same: and, forasmuch as I have been so bold to exceed my commission, I most humbly crave your royal remission and pardon.

‘ The king, inwardly rejoicing, replied, We do not only pardon you, but give you our princely thanks, both for your good exploit and happy expedition; and dismissed him for that present, and bade him return to him again after dinner, for a further relation of his ambassage, and so the king went to mass.’

There are some typographical errors in this publication, particularly in the dates; but we are surpris'd at the mistakes, which occur page 101, col. 1, ‘ the earl of Surry

being general, when he overthrew the Scots at Blamston, called Hoddenfield.' read Brankston and Floddenfield.

From chap. v. it appears that the cardinal's household consisted of not less than eight hundred persons. His manner of going to Westminster-hall, while chancellor, may give an idea of his magnificence.

' Now must I declare the manner of his going to Westminster-hall in the term time: First, When he came out of his privy-chamber, he most commonly heard two masses in his chapel or chamber. And I heard one of his chaplains say since, that was a man of credit and excellent learning, that, what business soever the cardinal had in the day-time, he never went to bed with any part of his service unsaid, no, not so much as one collect, in which, I think, he deceived many a man; then, going into his chamber again, he demanded of some of the servants, if they were in readiness, and had furnished his chamber of presence, and waiting-chamber: he, being then advertised, came out of his privy-chamber about eight of the clock, ready apparelled, and in red, like a cardinal; his upper vesture was all of scarlet, or else of fine crimson taffata, or crimson sattin ingrained, his pillion scarlet, with a black velvet tippet of fables about his neck, holding in his hand an orange, the meat or substance thereof being taken out and filled again with a part of sponge, with vinegar, and other confections against pestilent airs, the which he most commonly held to his nose, when he came to the presses, or when he was pestered with many suitors: and before him was borne the broad seal of England, and the cardinal's hat by some lord, or some gentleman of worship, right solemnly: and, as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there were daily attending on him as well noblemen of this realm, as other worthy gentlemen of his own family, his two great crosses were there attending upon him; then cry the gentlemen-ushers that go before him bare-headed, On masters, before, and make room for my lord. Thus, when he went down into the hall with a serjeant of arms before him, bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying two great plates of silver; and, when he came to the hall-door, there his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same.

' Then were attending him, when he was mounted, his two cross-bearers, and his two pillar-bearers, all upon great horses, and in fine scarlet; then he marched on with a train of gentry, having four footmen about him, bearing every one of them a pole-ax in his hand: and thus he passed forth till he came to Westminster, and there alighted and went in this manner up to the chancery, and staid a while at a bar, made for him beneath the chancery; and there he communed sometimes with the judges, and sometimes

times with other persons, and then went up to the chancery, and sat there till eleven of the clock to hear suits, and to determine causes; and from thence he would go into the star-chamber, as occasion served him; he neither spared high nor low, but did judge every one according to right.

In chap. xx. Cavendish, who had the best means of information, is a positive evidence that Wolsey's death proceeded from his poisoning himself. The account of his death is very particular and interesting.

On Monday in the morning as I stood by his bed-side, about eight o'clock in the morning, the windows being close shut, and having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I thought I perceived him drawing on towards death. He, perceiving my shadow upon the bed-side, asked who was there. Sir, quoth I, it is I. How do you, quoth he, well? Ay, sir, quoth I, if I might see your grace well: What is it o'clock? quoth he: I answered, it was about eight of the clock: Quoth he, that cannot be, rehearsing eight of the clock so many times: Nay, quoth he, that cannot be, for at eight of the clock you shall see your master's time draw near, that I must depart this world. With that, Dr. Palmes, a worthy gentleman, standing by, bid me ask him if he would be shriven, to make him ready for God, whatever chanced to fall out, which I did; but he was very angry with me, and asked, What I had to do, to ask him such a question? Till, at the last, the doctor took my part, and talked with him in Latin, and pacified him.

Next morning Cavendish perceiving his master's illness increase, informed Mr. Kingston, who had been sent to attend him in his journey to London.

' Then I went and acquainted Mr. Kingston that my lord was very sick, and not like to live. In good faith, quoth Mr. Kingston, you are much to blame, to make him believe he is sicker than he is. Well, sir, quoth I, you cannot say, but I gave you warning, as I am bound to do: upon which words he arose, and came unto him, but before he came, my lord cardinal had eaten a spoonful or two of callis, made of chicken, and after that he was in his confession, the space of an hour: and then Mr. Kingston came to him, and bad him good morrow, and asked him how he did. Sir, quoth he, I watch by God's pleasure, to render up my poor soul to him. I pray you have me heartily commended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him on my behalf to call to his princely remembrance all matters that have been between us from the beginning, and the progress: and especially between good Queen Catharine, and him, and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or not.

' He

‘ He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart, and, rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one half of his kingdom.

‘ I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail: and, Master Kingston, if I had but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince. Therefore, let me advise you, if you be one of the privy-council, as by your wisdom you are fit, take heed what you put in the king’s head, for you can never put it out again.

‘ And I desire you further, to request his grace in God’s name, that he hath a vigilant eye to suppress the hellish Lutherans, that they increase not through his great negligence, in such a sort, that he be compelled to take up arms to subdue them, as the king of Bohemia was; whose commons being infected with Wickliffe’s heresies, the king was forced to take that course.

‘ Let him consider the story of king Richard the second, the second son of his progenitor; who lived in the time of Wickliffe’s seditions and heresies: Did not the commons, I pray you in his time, rise against the nobility and chief governors of this realm; and, at the last, some of them were put to death, without justice or mercy, and, under pretence of having all things common, did they not fall to spoiling or robbing, and at last, took the king’s person, and carried him about the city, making him obedient to their proclamations?

‘ Did not also the traiterous heretic, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, pitch a field with heretics against King Henry the Fourth, where the king was in person, and fought against them, to whom God gave the victory?

‘ Alas! if these be not plain precedents and sufficient persuasions to admonish a prince; then God will take away from us our prudent rulers, and leave us to the hands of our enemies. And then will ensue mischief upon mischief, inconveniencies, barrenness and scarcity, for want of good orders in the commonwealth, from which God of his tender mercy defend us.

‘ Master Kingston farewell, I wish all things may have good success, my time draws on; I may not tarry with you, I pray you remember my words.

‘ Now began the time to draw near, for he drew his speech at length; his tongue began to fail him, his eyes perfectly set in his head, and his sight failed him. Then we began to put him in mind of Christ’s passion, and caused the yeoman of the guard, to stand by privately, to see him die, and bear witness of his words and departure, who heard all his communications.

‘ And

‘ And then presently the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost; and thus departed he this life, one of us looking upon another, supposing he prophesied of his departure.

‘ We sent for the abbot of the house to anoint him, who speedily came as he was ending his life, who said certain prayers before that the life was out of his body.

‘ Here is the end and fall of pride: for, I assure you, he was the proudest man alive, having more regard to the honour of his person, than to his spiritual function, wherein he should have expressed more meekness and humility: for pride and ambition are both linked together; and ambition is like choler, which is an humour that makes men active, earnest, and full of alacrity and stirring, if it be not stopped or hindered in its course; but if it be stopped and cannot have its way, it becometh dust, and thereby malign and venomous. So ambitious and proud men, if they find the way open for their rising and advancement, and still get forwards, they are rather busy than dangerous; but, if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontented, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye, and are best pleased when things go backwards: but I forbear to speak any further therein.’

The love-letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Buleyn we shall only say are to be found in this volume.

The life of Robert earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, contains many curious anecdotes. This is followed by Naunton’s *Fragmenta Regalia*, which relate to Elizabeth’s reign; but we can see no reason why an exact chronological order was not followed. As there are few readers who will know what a ‘legar’ is, p. 180, vol. 1. the editor should have explained that it is an ambassador, leiger, as expressed in former lives, that is fixt and resident in a country.

The account of Gourie’s conspiracy, drawn up by James I. himself, follows the *Fragmenta*. The same monarch’s apology for his conduct to sir Walter Raleigh is, like the former article, more curious than satisfactory. Sir Walter’s own tract, *The Prerogative of Parliaments in England*, is interesting: it is in the form of a dialogue.

We must pass several curious pieces without mention, as our limits will not permit us to specify all. At p. 270. we find Eglisham’s *Forerunner of Revenge*, in which that physician formally accuses the earl of Buckingham of poisoning the marquis of Hamilton, and James I. The circumstances, when we consider that Eglisham attended both the marquis and the king, are singularly suspicious.

‘ The king being sick of a certain ague, and that in the spring was of itself never found deadly; the duke took his opportunity,
when

when all the king's doctors of physic were at dinner, upon the Monday before the king died, without their knowledge or consent, and offered to him a white powder to take, the which he a long time refused; but overcome with his flattering importunity, at length took it in wine, and immediately became worse and worse, falling into many swoonings and pains, and violent fluxes of the belly, so tormented, that his majesty cried out aloud of this white powder, 'Would to God I had never taken it, it will cost me my life.'

On Wotton's Life of Buckingham, and lord Brook's five years of king James, we need not dwell. The latter is a long and important article. It is followed by the relation of the proceedings in the Star-chamber against Bastwicke, Burton, and Prynne, 1637. The View of the Reign of Charles I. is a compilation from well known writers.

To this succeeds the noted tract, called 'The Kings Cabinet opened.' 1645, containing letters that passed between Charles I. and his queen.

General Morgan's Memoirs of his Progress in France and Flanders, in the year 1657, 1658, first printed in 1698, contain some curious particulars; but the general vaunts too much, and seems to have had an enmity against Lockhart, the English ambassador. There are several other pamphlets now reprinted, relating to the Commonwealth and Cromwel, many of them well calculated to throw light upon that period.

The reign of Charles II. likewise affords numerous tracts.

In that of William, with which the collection closes, appears the Relation of the Proceedings of the English Troops against the French in the Carribee Islands, 1689, 1690, written by Thomas Spencer, muster-master to a regiment then present. This tract has its value, though the facts are deficient in importance. The letter to a friend concerning a French invasion to restore king James to his throne, and what may be expected from him should he be successful in it, is a well written piece.

The relation of the conspiracy of Blackhead and Young against the bishop of Rochester, (Spratt), written by the bishop, though curious and well written, is perhaps too minute and prolix, and little concerns the history of England.

The last article is, A Letter to a new Member of the House of Commons, concerning the embezzlement of the national Treasure, from the Revolution to the parliament of 1700.

Upon the whole, the editor deserves much commendation for the present work, which will render several interesting tracts more generally known, and will afford considerable entertainment to all who are gratified with historical researches.

Travels through Arabia, and other Countries in the East, performed by M. Niebuhr, now a Captain of Engineers in the Service of the King of Denmark. Translated into English by Robert Heron. With Notes by the Translator; and illustrated with Engravings and Maps. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. Boards. Vernor. 1792.

THOUGH these celebrated Travels were published in French many years ago, this, so far as we recollect, is the first English translation; and we shall, therefore, somewhat expatiate, as neither the Danish edition in folio, nor the French in quarto, are much known in this country.

We shall begin with an extract from the Translator's Preface.

' I should offer the following Travels to British readers with no small pride and confidence, if I were sure of having arrayed them in a handsome and becoming English dress. M. Niebuhr was the sole survivor of a party of five Danish travellers, who being selected as men eminently qualified to accomplish the several purposes of such an expedition, were sent into the East at the expence of the king of Denmark, to explore the various curiosities of Egypt, but especially of Arabia. They proceeded first to Egypt. After making an excursion to Mount Sinai, and preparing themselves, by the study of the Arabic language, for the farther prosecution of their journey, they sailed from Suez, down the Red Sea, to Jidda. Having landed at Jidda, they continued their journey southward to Mokha; not without occasional excursions to the N. E. into the interior parts of the country. From Mokha, they travelled nearly in a south-eastern direction to Sana, the seat of the greatest prince in Arabia. By the time they had accomplished this last journey, and returned to Mokha, two of the party were dead; and, by the pernicious influence of the climate, by the unfavourableness of the oriental mode of living to European constitutions, by their inability to relinquish European habits, and by the fatigue necessarily attending their investigations, the health of the survivors was so much impaired, that they were obliged to resolve upon leaving Arabia with the first English ship that sailed for Bombay. M. Niebuhr and another of his companions lived to reach India. This other, after languishing for a while, at last died at Bombay.

' After this event, Niebuhr remained in the East only till he could find a fit opportunity of returning safe into Europe, with the collection of curiosities which was left in his hands.

' Such is the outline of these Travels. They afford the latest, and indeed almost the only topographical account of Arabia, in the hands of the European public. Being the results of the observation, not of one man only, but of a party of travellers, and

those all well qualified to direct their attention in a proper line of enquiry; they contain such a body of truly valuable information as is to be met with in very few other volumes of travels. Relating to a country famous from the earliest ages of antiquity; they are thus rendered peculiarly interesting by the nature of their subject. They throw much new light on the historical events, the laws, the worship, and the customs recorded in the Old Testament. And I must, upon the whole, confess, that I have never before had it in my power to abuse so good an occasion of receiving real mental improvement with rational amusement, as that which the translating of this work has afforded me.

‘ It would be unfair to neglect advertising the reader, that the whole of M. Niebuhr’s account of his travels, and observations in Arabia, is not comprized in these volumes. Various things seemed to be addressed so exclusively to men of erudition, that they could not be expected to win the attention of the public in general, and have therefore been left out.

‘ As to the translation; I cannot indeed say much for it. I entered upon the task with a resolution to perform it carefully, and, as it could not be supposed very arduous, I might perhaps secretly flatter myself, ably. I was kindly encouraged by some eminent literary characters, to whose benevolent notice I have been often much indebted. But, after I had made considerable progress in the work; I put what I had performed into the hands of one gentleman, for whose learning, taste, and judgment, I must ever entertain high deference; and he, with the most candid and obliging criticism, pointed out several blunders, as well of the translator as of the printer, which I was surprized to perceive, and cannot yet think of, without shame. These I have endeavoured, as far as circumstances would permit, to revise and correct; and I renewed my diligence to guard against all such mistakes in what then remained to be printed.——

‘ I have added some notes: I wish they were valuable.

R. HERON.’

This confession is honest; but we would advise Mr. Heron, whose translation of four volumes of Arabian Tales we lately reviewed, not to regard a good translation as so easy and mean a task, but to read bishop Huet’s book on this subject, and learn to write with difficulty, and to publish slowly. It is at best a ridiculous affair to obtrude a hasty and erroneous translation on the public, and then to confess that the translator himself knows it to be such. Books last for ever; and the public must be treated with respect.

The commencement of the voyage was singularly unprosperous. Mr. Niebuhr and his companions sailed from the road of Copenhagen on the 7th of January, 1761, but were
forced

forced by the contrary winds to return to Elfineur on the 17th of that month. On the 26th they again failed, but were constrained to return to Elfineur on the 10th of February. Again attempting on the 19th, they were a third time driven back; after having been tossed through a space of upwards of 2,800 English miles upon the sea, in these three attempts, without having advanced more than twelve miles on their voyage. The western wind is, at that season of the year, generally as prevalent on these seas. At length, on the 10th of March, they left Elfineur for the last time: and arrived at Marseilles on the 14th of May.

From Marseilles our travellers proceeded to Malta, and from thence to Constantinople. But as the chief value of Mr. Niebuhr's voyage consists in the account of Arabia, a region little known before, we shall pass lightly over the other parts. He sails from Constantinople to Alexandria: and a good idea is given of the state of Egypt, and of its government, arts, commerce, and manners. A specimen of this part shall be given, in extracting the first chapter of the third section, containing a general view of the Egyptian government.

‘ The Turks, as is generally known, conquered Egypt in the beginning of the sixteenth century, from the Mammelukes; a mercenary militia, who had, for some centuries, usurped the government of this province, which they administered by an elective chief, with the title of sultan. This species of government seems still to subsist, just as much as before the Turkish conquest; and, with all their despotic pride, they have never attempted to change it.

‘ A form of government that has prevailed so long, and which a haughty and powerful conqueror durst not abolish, must have, within itself, some principle of stability, to maintain it against revolution. It might deserve to be better known and explained by some intelligent person, who should study it in a long residence in the country. A traveller like me, who has had only a transient view of these objects, can neither discern, nor describe all the parts of so complex a machine.

‘ I have learned enough, however, to enable me to distinguish, that this government is at present an aristocracy, partly civil, partly military, but chiefly military. Under the protection, rather than the authority of the sultan of Constantinople, a divan, or sovereign council, exercises the supreme authority, both executive and legislative. Even the revenue of the sultan is rather a tribute paid to a protector, than a tax levied by a sovereign. It is, besides, so moderate, that the necessary expences of government consume it entirely in Egypt; and the trunk, in which it is pompously conveyed to Constantinople, generally arrives there empty.

‘ Such

‘Such a government must be frequently disturbed by factious insurrections. Cairo is constantly convulsed by cruel dissension; parties are continually jarring; and the great retain troops to decide their differences by force of arms.

‘The mutual jealousies of the chiefs, seem to be the only causes which still preserve to the Porte the shadow of authority over this country.—The members of the aristocracy are all afraid of losing their influence under a residing sovereign; and therefore agree, in opposing the elevation of any of their own body to the supreme dignity. In our own days, Ali-Bey has found how difficult it is to ascend the throne of Egypt, or to maintain one's self upon it.’

Compared to the government of Egypt, even that of Turkey is enviable.

Some account of that singular people the Copts, is given in the second chapter of the fourth section. They are descended from the ancient Egyptians; and the Turks call them in derision the posterity of Pharoah. Mr. Niebuhr proceeds to observe, that their uncouth figures, their stupidity, ignorance, and wretchedness, reflect little honour on ancient Egypt; and that their language is a mixture of Greek and old Egyptian. The new and ridiculous idea, that the ancient Egyptians were black, may be at once done away by the complexion of their descendants, not to mention other clear proofs.

The manners of the eastern women remain not a little obscure, from their concealed mode of life. A person from Tripoli related to our traveller the manner in which the women amuse themselves upon festive occasions.

‘No woman would presume to appear in an assembly, if she were not handsome and magnificently dressed. If the entertainment happens to be in the house of a family of rank, fifty of the greatest beauties in the city assemble, all dressed out in great splendour. In their train, they bring their handsomest slaves, who attend in a separate room, to take care of the coffers containing their mistresses clothes. After the ladies have been seated for some time, and have been served with refreshment, young girls are called in, to divert the company with vocal and instrumental music. The most distinguished lady in the company then rises, dances for a few minutes, and passes into the next apartment, where her slaves are in waiting to change her dress. She lays all aside, even her slippers embroidered with gold and silver, and retains only her head-dress and bracelets, which are richly ornamented with jewels. In the meantime, the rest dance, and in their turns leave the room to change their dress; and this is successively repeated, so long, that a lady will sometimes change her dress ten times in one night; and put on so many different suits, every one richer than another. They strive all to command admiration; and their endeavours end, as among us, in jealousies and grudges.

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‘ The Greek women have so fully adopted this piece of eastern luxury, that they change their dress on the slightest occasions. An European settled at Constantinople, told me, that he had seen a Greek lady, the wife of one of his friends, whom he visited, put on five different dresses, in the space of two hours. These instances prove the power of instinct, and the uniformity of the character of the sex, all over the world.’

On the trite subject of Egyptian antiquities, we shall not dwell: but shall pass to the next section, containing the journey from Cairo to Sinez and Mount Sinai, and with which properly commences our author's interesting account of Arabia.

‘ The Arabs who live about Tor, upon the other side of the Gulf, are little afraid of the Turkish governor of Suez. When dissatisfied with him, or with the inhabitants of the city, they threaten to bring no more water, and forbid them to come near the wells of Naba. These threats, if carried into execution, would reduce the city to the last extremities; and all means are, therefore, used to pacify them. They might easily ruin this city, if they could resolve to give up the profits which they derive from the carriage of goods upon their camels from Cairo to Suez.

‘ We ourselves experienced the insolence of these Arabs. The Schiechs, whom we had hired to conduct us to Mount Sinai, not having fulfilled their engagement, we refused, upon our return to Suez, to pay the whole sum that had been stipulated. They threatened to kill us: we let them know that we were able to defend ourselves. They then declared that they would deprive us of the water of the Naba. Mr. Von Haven replied, that this was a matter of no consequence to Europeans who drank wine; an answer which moved the Turks to laugh at the expence of the Arabs. But, as their tribe espoused their quarrel, it was seriously feared that they might execute what they threatened, and reduce the city to distress for want of water. Wherefore, the governor begged us to terminate the difference, and pay the Schiechs what they demanded.

‘ One thing that we had in view in our journey, was, to examine the Hill of Inscriptions in the desert; and we were, therefore, desirous of receiving all possible information concerning so remarkable a place. On this occasion, we discovered a custom of the Arabs, which deserves explanation, because it is connected with their manners.

‘ On our arrival at Suez, we applied to some Greeks for information concerning that hill. But none of them had ever heard of the name of Jibbel-el-Mokatteb. They directed us, however, to a Schiech of the tribe of Said, who had passed his life in tra-

velling between Suez and Mount Sinai. That Schiech was equally a stranger to the name of the Hill of Inscriptions. But, understanding that we would give a considerable reward to the person who should guide us thither, he returned next day with another Schiech, of the tribe of Saccalha, who pretended to have a particular knowledge, not only of that mountain, but of all other places in the desert where inscriptions were to be met with. By his answers to our questions, however, we soon saw that he knew as little as the former of the place which we wished to visit.

‘ At last, a Schiech of the tribe of Leghat was brought us, who, by his conversation, convinced us, that he had seen stones inscribed with unknown characters. When he learned that the object of our curiosity was called Jibbel-el-Mokatteb, he assured us that this was the name of the mountain among all the Arabs who knew it.

‘ Pleased with finding, at length, an inhabitant of the desert, at least, who could guide us to the place where the inscriptions were to be seen ; we determined to take him for our conductor, especially because his abode, as he told us, was near to that mountain. But the other two Schiechs, who had brought us the latter, warmly opposed our purpose, and insisted upon accompanying us, as well as he. The inhabitants of Suez advised us to take them all three, and told us, that we could not travel the desert in safety, without having guides from every one of the three tribes, that inhabited the country between Suez and Mount Sinai.

‘ This advice referred to the custom abovementioned, which renders Arab guides or Ghafirs necessary. Any person, whether Christian or Mahometan, who travels either by sea or land along the coast of Arabia Petræa, chooses a Ghafir, a guide, or protector, to whom he makes presents, either from time to time, in the course of his journey, or at least upon his safe return. He thus travels secure and unmolested. If the vessel in which he sails, happens to be shipwrecked, it is plundered by the Arabs ; but his Ghafir, if present, saves his goods from pillage. If the person whom he names as his Ghafir be absent, his property is, however, set apart. But, if he have no Ghafir, or name a fictitious one, he is plundered, without regard to his rank or character. The Turkish merchants, from avarice, to spare a trifling present, or from pride, to avoid associating with an Arab Schiech, seldom take ghafirs, but they suffer for the neglect. For these rights of hospitality and friendship are held sacred among those Arabs.

‘ We therefore took with us the three Schiechs, to guide us to Mount Sinai. They supplied us with camels for ourselves and our servants. To prevent disputes, we had our contract written out by the cadi of Suez, in the presence of the governor.’

The inscriptions Mr. Niebuhr found to be only names of persons, who had travelled this way in ancient times, rudely engraven on the rocks. The Egyptian cemetery, on the top of Mount Jibbel-el-Mokatteb, in the route to Mount Sinai, is a more singular curiosity, as it seems to indicate that there must have been a large town, founded by an Egyptian colony, in that desert.

It is well known that the Arabs are divided into tribes. The manners of those of the desert are thus depicted by our ingenious traveller.

‘ These Arabs, although scattered in separate families over the country, seem to be fond of society, and visit one another frequently. A sort of politeness, too, prevails among them, but it is too ceremonious. We witnessed the etiquette of their visits, at the dwelling of our Schiech of the tribe of Leghat. His friends having had notice of his return, came to pay their compliments to him, upon the occasion. We had likewise our share in their polite attentions; for they congratulated us, upon our travelling through the desert, without meeting with any unfortunate accident. When they salute, they join hands, embrace, and ask one another, in a tone of tenderness, “How art thou? Is all well?” When a Schiech enters a company, all rise, and the Schiech goes round to embrace every one in his turn.

‘ Some travellers have fancied, that a part of their politeness, upon such occasions, consists in mutual enquiries after the health of their camels and other domestic animals. But such enquiries are rather taken ill. Although, as it is natural for two men of the same profession, when they meet, to converse concerning their affairs; so two Bedouins, whose sole employment is to manage their cattle, will naturally question one another upon that head; just as our peasants talk of their fields and meadows.

‘ Their way of living is nearly the same as that of the other wandering Arabs of the Kurdes, and of the Turcomanns. They lodge in tents made of coarse stuff, either black, or striped black and white; which is manufactured by the women, of goat’s hair. The tent consists of three apartments; of which one is for the men, another for the women, and the third for the cattle. Those who are too poor to have a tent, contrive, however, to shelter themselves from the inclemencies of the weather, either with a piece of cloth stretched upon poles, or by retiring to the cavities of the rocks. As the shade of trees is exceedingly agreeable in such torrid regions, the Bedouins are at great pains in seeking out shaded situations to encamp in.

‘ The furniture corresponds to the simplicity of the dwelling; the chief article is a large straw mat, which serves equally for a seat, a table, and a bed; the kitchen utensils are merely a few

pots, a few plates, and a few cups of tinned copper. Their clothes, with all their valuable moveables, are put up in leather bags, which are hung within the tent. Their butter is put into a leathern bag; and the water which they use is preserved in goat skins. The hearth for the kitchen fire is placed any where, and without much trouble: it consists of a hole made in the ground, and laid with stones. Instead of an oven, they use an iron plate in preparing their bread, which is made into small cakes. They know no mills but such as are moved with the hands.

‘ Their food is equally simple. They are fond of newly baked bread; and in their excursions through the desert, they are particularly careful to carry with them sufficient supplies of meal. The only other victuals which they use, are dates, milk, cheese, and honey. On occasions of festivals, indeed, a goat is killed and roasted. Although poor, and much inclined to live at the expence of strangers, they are, however, hospitable among themselves, and often invite one another to share their meals. Our Schiechs never accepted a treat from any of their friends, without striving to repay it.

‘ The Arabs of the desert are dressed much like their brethren in Egypt. The only difference, is, that the former wear shoes of undressed leather, and of a peculiar shape. Many of them however, walk with bare feet upon the scorching sand, which renders their skin, at length, insensible. They arm themselves, too, like the Egyptian Arabs; riding upon camels, as those upon horses, and bearing a lance, a sabre, and sometimes a gun.

‘ The dress of the females in the desert, although simpler than that worn by the ordinary women in Egypt, is in reality, however, the very same. The wife of one of our Schiechs wore an uncommon piece of dress; brass rings of an enormous size, in her ears. These women, living remote from the world, and being wholly occupied in the management of their domestic affairs, appear to be, from these circumstances, less shy and scrupulous than the other women of the east. They make less difficulty of conversing with a stranger, or exposing their face unveiled before him.

‘ It is commonly known, that the Mahometans are permitted to have four wives. The Bedouins, who are poor, and cannot easily find the means of subsistence, content themselves with one, for the most part. Those who are in the easiest circumstances, and who have two wives, seem to have married so many, chiefly that they might superintend their concerns in two different places. The conduct of our Schiech of Beni Said, as well as his conversation, led us to make this reflection. The disagreement that subsisted between his two wives, afforded an instance of some of the inconveniences that attend polygamy.’

From Suez, the travellers proceeded to Jidda and Loheia.
The

The unskilfulness of the Arabian navigators in the Red Sea is painted in striking colours. On their arrival at Jidda, Mr. Niebuhr and his companions were agreeably disappointed to find the Arabs act with a degree of complaisance to Christians, quite unknown to the brutal inhabitants of Egypt. Jidda belongs to the dominions of the shariffe of Mecca: the Turkish monarch sends a pacha to this city, who shares the power with the shariffe.

‘Maillet, who resided long in Cairo, imagined that it might be of advantage to the nations of Europe, to conduct their trade to India by the way of the Red Sea. But it is doubtful, whether ships would be allowed to pass the harbour of Jidda. They would undoubtedly meet with much fraud and chicanery at Suez; for the proprietors of the vessels which trade at present between the two harbours, are the most respectable merchants in Cairo. Besides, the exorbitant duties, which would be exacted, would greatly curtail their profits. But European merchants would hardly be hindered to settle at Jidda: one Englishman has lived several years here.

‘A circumstance, which must always have an unfavourable influence upon the state of this trade, is, the low state of the finances of the government which presides here. Continually in want of money, they often require the merchants to advance some part of the duties for the next year, and promise to discount what is thus advanced, when it falls due. But these advances, when once obtained, are left to accumulate, year after year, and will never be repaid. The English have not yet submitted to these impositions: but their firm refusal continually embroils them with the officers of government.’

At Loheia, our travellers were equally fortunate in their reception.

‘Dola, or Emir, is the title which the Arabs give to the governors of cities. He of Loheia was an Emir, and his name was Farhan. He was a native of Africa, and entirely black; but had been brought into Arabia in his youth, and sold to a man of rank who was since dead, after having occupied one of the first offices in the service of the Imam. He had given young Farhan a good education, and had obtained for him a small office, in which he gave so much satisfaction, that his merit soon raised him to be dola of a considerable city. We found him to possess the dignified politeness of a nobleman, the strictest integrity, and the candid benevolence of a true friend to mankind.’

The territory of Yemen is naturally divided into two distinct provinces. That part bordering on the Arabian gulf is a sandy plain, which as it spreads backward, rises, by a gradual ascent,

ascent, into hills, and terminates in a lofty range of mountains. This plain is called Tehama. Niebuhr first advanced within sight of the small town of Hadie, situated upon one of the foremost eminences.

‘The roads are very bad: a causeway was indeed formed by the Turks; but it has been suffered to fall away, without receiving any repairs. My friends, whom I had expected to find in this town, were in the gardens upon the hill. I came up with them, after travelling two hours longer, near Bulgosa, one of those villages whose inhabitants subsist upon the profits which their crops of coffee afford. Neither asses nor mules can be used here: the hills are to be climbed by narrow and steep paths: yet, in comparison with the parched plains of Tehama, the scenery seemed to me charming; as it was covered with gardens and plantations of coffee-trees.

‘In the neighbourhood of Kahhme, I had seen only one small basaltic hill; but here, whole mountains were composed chiefly of those columns. Such detached rocks formed grand objects in the landscape, especially where cascades of water were seen to rush from their summits. The cascades, in such instances, had the appearance of being supported by rows of artificial pillars. These basaltes are of great utility to the inhabitants: the columns, which are easily separated, serve as steps where the ascent is most difficult; and as materials for walls to support the plantations of coffee-trees, upon the steep declivities of the mountains.

‘The tree which affords the coffee is well known in Europe; so that I need not here describe it particularly. The coffee trees were all in flower at Bulgosa, and exhaled an exquisitely agreeable perfume. They are planted upon terraces, in the form of an amphitheatre. Most of them are only watered by the rains that fall; but some, indeed, from large reservoirs upon the heights; in which spring-water is collected, in order to be sprinkled upon the terraces; where the trees grow so thick together, that the rays of the sun can hardly enter among their branches. We were told, that those trees, thus artificially watered, yielded ripe fruit twice in the year: but the fruit becomes not fully ripe the second time: and the coffee of the second crop is always inferior in quality to that of the first.’

Our author proceeds to Sana, the capital of Yemen, and has an audience of the imam. The description of the city of Sana we shall transcribe, and then hasten to the second volume.

‘The city of Sana is situate at the foot of mount Nikkum, on which are still to be seen the ruins of a castle, which the Arabs suppose to have been built by Shem. Near this mountain, stands the

the castle; a rivulet runs upon the other side; and near it, is the Bustan el Metwokkel, a spacious garden, which was laid out by Imam Metwokkel, and has been embellished with a fine garden, by the reigning imam. The walls of the city, which are built of bricks, exclude this garden, which is enclosed within a wall of its own. The city, properly so called, is not very extensive: one may walk round it all in an hour.

‘ I should have wished to make an accurate ground-plan of this city. But, wherever I went, the mob crowded after me so, that a survey was absolutely impossible. The city-gates are seven. Here are a number of mosques, some of which have been built by Turkish pachas. Sana has the appearance of being more populous than it actually is; for the gardens occupy a part of the space within the walls. In Sana, are only twelve public baths: but many noble palaces, three of the most splendid of which have been built by the reigning imam. The palace of the late imam El Manzor, with some others, belong to the royal family, who are very numerous.

‘ The Arabian palaces are built in a style of architecture different from ours. The materials are, however, burnt bricks, and sometimes even hewn stones; but the houses of the common people are of bricks which have been dried in the sun. I saw no glass windows, except in one palace, near the citadel. The rest of the houses have, instead of windows, merely shutters, which are opened in fair weather, and shut when it is foul. In the last case the house is lighted by a round wicket, fitted with a piece of Muscovy glass; some of the Arabians use small panes of stained glass from Venice.

‘ At Sana, and in the other cities of the East, are great *fimeras* or *caravanferas* for merchants and travellers. Each different commodity is sold in a separate market. In the market for bread, none but women are to be seen; and their little shops are portable. The several classes of mechanics work, in the same manner, in particular quarters in the open street. Writers go about with their desks, and make out briefs, copy-books, and instruct scholars in the art of writing, all at the same time. There is one market, where old clothes are taken in exchange for new.

‘ Wood for the carpenters’ purposes is extremely dear through Yemen; and wood for the fire at Sana is no less so. All the hills near the city are bleak and bare, and wood is therefore to be brought hither from the distance of three days journey; and a camel’s burthen commonly costs two crowns. This scarcity of wood is particularly supplied by the use of a little pit-coal. I have seen peats burnt here, but those so bad, that straw must be intermixed to make them burn.

‘ Fruits are, however, very plenteous at Sana. Here are more than twenty different species of grapes, which, as they do not all

ripen at the same time, continue to afford a delicious refreshment for several months. The Arabs likewise preserve grapes, by hanging them up in their cellars, and eat them almost through the whole year. The Jews make a little wine, and might make more, if the Arabs were not such enemies to strong liquors. A Jew convicted of conveying wine into an Arab's house is severely punished; nay, the Jews must even use great caution in buying and selling it among themselves. Great quantities of grapes are dried here; and the exportation of raisins from Sana is considerable. One sort of these grapes are without stones, and contains only a soft grain, the presence of which is not perceptible in eating the raisin.

'In the castle, which stands on a hill, are two palaces. I saw about it some ruins of old buildings, but, notwithstanding the antiquity of the place, no remarkable inscriptions. There is the mint, and a range of prisons for persons of different ranks. The reigning Imam resides in the city; but several princes of the blood-royal live in the castle. I was conducted to a battery, as the most elevated place about these buildings; and there I met with what I had no expectation of, a German mortar, with this inscription, Jorg Selos Gosnick, 1513. I saw also, upon the same battery, seven iron cannons, partly buried in the sand, and partly set upon broken carriages. These seven small cannons, with six others, near the gates, which are fired to announce the return of the different festivals, are all the artillery of the capital of Yemen.'

(To be continued.)

An Inquiry into the remote Cause of Urinary Gravel. By A. P. Wilson, M. D. Soc. Med. Edin. Soc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed. Johnson. 1792.

THE disappointment which has so invariably attended the attempts of physicians to discover an efficacious solvent for the urinary *calculus*, seems first to have drawn the attention of the author of the present Enquiry, to the investigation of the causes that principally operate in the production of this disease. The plan of cautiously proceeding by means of actual experiment, is undoubtedly judicious and proper; but Dr. Wilson's attempts in this way have been made upon too confined a scale to afford that degree of certainty in the conclusions, which appears essentially necessary in the determination of a subject of so much difficulty.—The observations on the nature of the depositions which take place in the urine are just, and some of them probably new. — If urine be left to settle, the author finds that it either deposits a whitish matter, rendering it muddy, or crystals of lithic salt, and sometimes both. The presence of either of these depositions, to any considerable

able quantity, however, was always remarked to be incompatible with that of the other to a certain degree. The circumstances of life that predispose to one or other of these depositions in the urine, according to Dr. Wilson, are; for the production of an abundance of lithic acid, living too much on an acescent diet; and for the increase of the cream-coloured deposition, the indulging too freely in the use of food of an opposite tendency.—The cream-coloured sediment has greater solubility in urine than the lithic acid; but the lithic acid is not so easily acted upon by acids as the cream-coloured sediment.

‘ From these circumstances, as well as other considerations, we infer, that it is the lithic acid which is apt to form concretions in the urinary passages; since it is less soluble, and more apt to concreate than the other, and is produced by that manner of life which experience has taught us, is apt to induce calculous complaints. We must also infer from them, that the secretion of any acid matter by the kidneys, tends to produce a deposition of lithic acid; and at the same time to prevent that which, from its appearance, I have called the cream-coloured sediment: this I confirmed by experiment; for, I always found, that the addition of an acid to the urine, while it produced a deposition of the lithic acid, prevented the appearance of the cream coloured sediment; and that, on adding it to urine which contained the cream-coloured sediment, but no crystals of lithic acid, the former, sooner or later, disappeared, while the other was deposited, leaving the urine, formerly turbid with the cream-coloured sediment, perfectly transparent; nor is this an effect which will take place merely by keeping the urine for some time at rest; for, after keeping it for months, without the addition of an acid, it is always found as turbid as at first.’

The phenomena which particular acids produce when mixed with urine, the writer of this Enquiry seems to have given with accuracy.—He thinks the cream-coloured sediment a neutral salt, containing the lithic acid.—The author's experiments having thus led him to conclude, that a diet composed of animal food, or any cause of increasing perspiration, evidently diminished the tendency of the urine to deposit lithic acid, proceeds to consider the different appearances of the urine; from which he endeavours to prove that there are three distinct states of this fluid at different periods, which point out different conditions of its secreting organs.—The first, he supposes a state of constriction, the second a state of relaxation, and the third a state of vigorous action. The arguments by which Dr. Wilson attempts to prove the existence of these
three

three different states of the kidneys, as well as that of their diurnal revolution, seem to rest only upon an hypothetical foundation.

* The skin and kidneys separate the same acid matters from the blood; hence, when the action of the one is diminished, that of the other must be increased, in order to prevent an accumulation of acid in the system: hence it is, that the proper action of the skin being prevented, more of this acid passes by the kidney, and consequently there is produced in the urine a greater deposition of lithic acid. Whether this action of the kidneys may be produced by diuretics, and the system freed from any over proportion of that noxious matter, is a question I cannot positively answer, for the reasons given in experiment XI. But, if we consider what has just been said, and for a moment reflect on the general laws of the animal œconomy, we must suppose, that, increasing the action of the kidneys by diuretics, is a manner better calculated for freeing the system of this acid matter, than the use of fluids acting merely as diluents, and which seem to be of little service, but as they wash out any particles of sand adhering to the kidney; and as by increasing the proportion of fluid, they render the lithic acid rather less apt to be deposited: for Scheele and Bergman have shown that this matter, though difficultly, is soluble in watery liquors.'

By these observations the author attempts to establish a fact of some importance in the pathology of gravel, which is, that by the vigorous action of the skin and kidneys, dangerous accumulations of acid in the system must be guarded against. On this subject Dr. Wilson concludes, but with what degree of propriety, future observation must determine, that any cause obstructing perspiration produces a more than common precipitation of lithic acid from urine; that this precipitation is (*cæteris paribus*) increased by acescent diet, and diminished by the plentiful use of animal food; that, by the inactivity of the skin and kidneys, the system may be overloaded with acid, which can only be removed by a restoration of their proper action; that by the judicious use of diaphoretic medicines, the deposition of lithic acid from urine can often be effectually prevented; that the quantity of lithic acid deposited, is not in proportion to the intensity of the colour of the urine.—And from the experiments of Scheele and Bergman, and the observations detailed in this work, he determines the lithic acid to be the cause of the formation of insoluble concretions in the urine. The most common predisposing causes of this disease, according to Dr. Wilson, are, too great a proportion of solid from the particular formation of the body, old age, excessive labour, high living, and indulging in fermented liquors, indolence,

dolence, and too much heat applied to the body in general, and particularly to the kidneys. These, in our author's opinion, act, partly by inducing a state of debility, and partly by checking perspiration. Many of the causes which are here brought forward, have, however, been noticed by other writers. The same change on the body Dr. Wilson supposes to take place from all the predisposing causes, viz. an inactivity of the skin and kidneys; hence too great a proportion of acid matter in the system, and a deposition of lithic acid from the urine, after it has passed the kidneys. This state of inactivity of the skin and kidneys, is therefore considered as the remote cause of gravel.—Dr. Wilson, having pointed out the circumstances which indicate the presence of the remote cause of gravel, proceeds to the consideration of the means suited to correct this morbid condition of the system. His indications are four. 1. To strengthen and assist the digestive organs. 2. To avoid such *ingesta* as increase the quantity of the matter that ought to be expelled. 3. To use such as have an opposite tendency. 4. To throw out this matter by every means in our power.

We come next to the subject of dyspepsia, which Dr. Wilson introduces after delivering an opinion respecting digestion. He seems inclined to believe that some degree of fermentation must necessarily take place previous to digestion, and that it promotes the operation. The experiments of Spalanzani probably tend, not absolutely to disprove this; but they undoubtedly evince, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner, that fermentation cannot be the efficient cause of digestion.—From this difficult subject the author turns to the investigation of the proximate cause of the failure of digestion. It has been the opinion of authors that dyspepsia depended either upon a diminution of the muscular tone of the stomach, the vitiated state of the gastric fluid, or the deficiency of it.

This writer appears to have adopted the last opinion, in consequence of the occasional causes of the complaint seeming, to him, to operate rather by inducing a deficiency than a change in the quality of the gastric fluid.—This hypothesis, he thinks, will account for the different symptoms attending the disease.

‘ With respect to the production of acidity, and its consequences, as they are easily explicable on either supposition, I pass them over. There is one thing on this head, however, I have always observed, which tends to confirm my opinion concerning the proximate cause of dyspepsia. It is, that although a dyspeptic cannot digest an ordinary quantity of food, without morbid symptoms, yet will he digest a smaller perfectly (I do not talk of the extreme case of dyspepsia, where there is certainly no digestion at all). I have also frequently ob-

observed in myself, (for I have been much troubled with dyspepsia), that if I fasted several hours longer than usual, the fermentation in my stomach was corrected, and the food perfectly digested: must we not suppose, then, that this was owing to the gastric liquor which had flowed in during this time; and that, had this quantity of liquor been supplied soon enough, the food would have been digested without any dyspeptic symptoms; and consequently that these were owing to the failure, and not to any depravation of the gastric liquor.'

In support of this opinion Dr. Wilson brings several other arguments, drawn from the *operandi modus* of the remedies.—In the cure of this disease, the author properly rejects the use of frequent vomiting as highly prejudicial. He recommends those remedies to be employed which act on the general system, and which afford the proper stimulus, without producing any subsequent injury. Those remedies are exercise, cold-bathing, and the just regulation of sleep. The mind is also to be kept employed; but never to be fatigued. In obstinate cases of this complaint, our author advises the introduction of the gastric liquor of other animals into the stomach. Of the good effects of this remedy the author, however, has afforded us no proofs in this work; we are therefore apprehensive that the practice rests merely upon theory.—If the conjectures which Dr. Wilson has thrown out in this publication respecting the formation of calculous concretions, should be confirmed by future observation and experiment, the practice in these complaints must undergo a very material alteration.

Authentic Memorials of remarkable Occurrences and affecting Calamities in the Family of Sir George Sondes, Bart. In two Parts. The First being his own Narrative. The Second the Narrative of Persons attendant upon his Son Freeman Sondes, Esq. during his Imprisonment, and at his Execution. Collected with Care, and published with Fidelity. 12mo. 3s. Boards. Longman. 1793.

THESE tracts were originally published about the middle of the last century, and are now, it is supposed, to be met with only in a few libraries. Though they chiefly relate to domestic transactions, their merit, especially when joined to the singularity of the subject, is such as strongly entitles them to be rescued from the shades of oblivion; and we, therefore, cannot but approve the conduct of the editor, who has, by this republication, restored them to the notice of the world.

Sir George Sondes was a gentleman of an affluent fortune in the county of Kent, and not less distinguished for the excellence of his natural disposition and piety. He had the mortification

to lose many children at an early time of life; but what embittered his succeeding years with peculiar affliction, was the fate of two surviving sons, his only consolation, one of whom basely murdered the other, and suffered for his crime the ignominious death it deserved. The sorrow which arises from the calamities incident to human nature, was aggravated, in the case of this worthy baronet, by two additional circumstances. He was oppressed by the republican despots of the time, from a supposed disaffection to their government; and the misfortunes which he experienced, so far from exciting the sympathy of the puritanical clergy of that age, were even urged against him as the vengeance of heaven, and as proofs of extraordinary guilt. His Narrative, the ingenuoufness of which is apparent from its native simplicity, exhibits not only the various charges preferred by those zealots, but the forcible remarks and arguments advanced by him in his own justification.

The first article which they urged against him, as having failed in his duty towards God, was the not maintaining the free-school at Throwly, which had been founded by his ancestor, sir Thomas Sondes. His answer to this heinous charge is explicit and satisfactory, affording equal proof of the liberality of his disposition, and his regard to the interests of religion.

The second charge relates to his conduct, as executor or administrator to the will of alderman Freeman; from which he likewise exculpates himself in a manner the most clear and convincing.

The third charge is mentioned in the following terms:

‘ That it was generally reported that my son George was married to a virtuous and good gentlewoman, and that when I came to know it, I would by no means give way to it, but upon my blessing forbade him to accompany with her; and that if he did not leave her, I would never look on him, or give him any thing I could keep from him. And that to be sure to keep him from having her, I had consorted him with one of the most debauched young men of the country; so that it appeared I cared not what became of his soul, if I could keep his body from her.’

In reply to this accusation, sir George affirms, he never knew that his son was married to her, nor does he believe that ever he was, either according to the old or new form. The justness of his opinion on this subject, is afterwards corroborated by an extract of a letter from his son.

The next charge contains an impeachment of the want of hospitality, and of being a bad landlord, which are both evinced to be unjust; with the accusation of living unmarried,

ried, and of neglecting family duties. For the answer to these charges, we shall have recourse to the baronet's own words :

‘ To the charge of my being unmarried, and not living so chastly and virtuously as a Christian ought to do, I confess, that for almost these twenty years I have lived unmarried, and I thank heaven I have a healthy able body, and have natural and carnal affections in me, and a love to women and their company, and I think he deserves to be un-mann’d that hath not.

‘ I confess I have been more vain and foolish with them than I ought to have been, heaven forgive me. But for committing fornication or adultery with any single or married woman, I profess before heaven (though perhaps few may believe it) I am clear from it. I never had illegitimate issue, nor ever had carnal knowledge of any woman, save my own wife ; nor of her, but as was fitting for procreation ; seldom or never after I knew her to be with child.

‘ Neither was this abstinence in me from any frigidity or disability in nature, for my dispositions that way, were (I think) as strong as most men’s. Neither was it for want of invites and opportunities to it ; of them I had enough. Nothing restrained me but the fear of offending heaven ; *vox illa terribilis*, always sounding in my ears. “ *Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.*” This hath all along been the the bridle to my unlawful desires, and I hope ever shall be.

‘ *To the Charge of neglecting Family Duties.*

‘ To that of ordering my family and duties thereto belonging, I confess it is an excellent thing when the master can say, *I and my house do and will serve the Lord.* But it is hard in a great and numerous family to have all so well minded. It is the master’s part to see them perform the outward duties of God’s service, as prayer and going to church, and to shew them the way by his own godly example ; this I was always mindful of, frequenting the church on the Lord’s day, both forenoon and afternoon, if not hindered by the weather, or some extraordinary occasion, and calling upon my servants to do the same. And all the week after, it was my constant course to pray with my family once, if not twice every day ; and if I had not a Levite in my house, I performed the office myself.

‘ It is true, though in my own private devotions, morning and evening, I used constantly, without failing, my own conceived ejaculations to heaven ; yet to my family, after reading some part of the scripture, I commonly used the set forms of prayers of the church, or of some other godly men : which in public meetings, and no extraordinary occasion happening, I conceive to be
very

very fitting, and sufficiently warranted, both from Moses, David, and Solomon, who composed prayers for the church; as likewise from Christ himself, who made a prayer for his disciples, and bid them pray thus: *Our Father, &c.* It is warranted also by the practice of Christ, who sure had the spirit of prayer as much as any; yet in his agony he used no variety, but three several times, as the text hath it, went and said the same words: *Father! if thou wilt, let this cup pass from me.* He quarrelled not at the set form, nor do I know why any man should. If another man has composed a prayer whose words speak my mind to the full, and peradventure more full than my own words can do it, why should not I use them? Let thy heart and affections go with his words, and then they are thine own.

The remaining charges relate to the education of his children, his treatment of his younger brothers, his being a royalist, and that he could hardly forget or forgive any injury done to him; to all which he replies in terms the most pertinent, as well as exculpatory of his conduct. It is impossible to peruse the various charges produced against this venerable person, without being moved with indignation at the injustice, the calumny, and the meanness of his inveterate accusers; nor can his rigorous treatment, by the executive power, be read without similar emotions. In a parallel which he draws between his own afflictions and those of Job, we meet with the following information on this subject:

‘ I confess I cannot say, during all my troubles, I have lost so great a stock of cattle; but can say it confidently, that the goods and revenue I have been deprived of, were worth near forty thousand pounds, *which would have purchased a great stock in Job’s time and country.*

‘ I had three fair houses then in my own hands, all well furnished, and at least two thousand pounds a year about them. My lands were all stocked: I had at least one hundred head of great cattle, with fifty horses, and those none of the worst, some of them being worth forty or fifty pounds each. I had five hundred sheep, besides other stock: about a thousand quarters of wheat and malt, in granaries, and ten barns, (none of the least) all full of good corn, and great quantities of flax and hops. All this was seized and taken away at one time, with plate and jewels, for I removed nothing, concluding myself and estate secure enough as long as I acted for them.

‘ Besides all this, they had the rents and profits of my estate for seven yeares together; and the two first years allowed neither me nor my children any thing out of it.

‘ They had not only the profits of my own estate, but what they could get of alderman Freeman’s, to whom I was administrator,

strator, and of my mother-in-law, to whom, (she being a lunatic) I was a guardian. By that means she and her children lost at least a thousand pounds: and no return was made of it, though they knew it to be so.

‘ At last I was forced to pay three thousand five hundred pounds for composition; or else (for ought I know) they would have kept my estate to this time, or sold it.

‘ But perhaps it may be said to me, Job was a righteous man; but these punishments were inflicted upon you for your delinquency, for being in arms, and siding against the parliament.

‘ To this I boldly say, I never was in arms against the parliament, or ever sided or assisted any against them, or ever had any charge of delinquency laid against me, or ever was called before the parliament or any committee, (though I always sought it, and laboured it) for any offence: neither could I ever learn to this day why I was sequestered or imprisoned. Indeed some Kentish men have told me I was put down to set up others; and set up they were, but did not long continue.

‘ When I was to compound for my estate, neither the committee before whom I appeared, or myself, could find out how I could be made a delinquent, that so I might be capable to compound. There was a tax for my park then unpaid, because it was over rated, and it was agreed (I being willing to enjoy my estate, and be at liberty) that I should be entered (and so it stands in their books) *a delinquent, for not paying of taxes.*’

The second part of the Narrative consists of an account of the behaviour of Freeman Sondes, esq. the baronet's son, during his imprisonment, and at his execution, drawn up by Dr. Boreman, and addressed to sir George Sondes; a copy of a petition from that unfortunate youth, to the justices of the peace for the assize and gaol delivery held at Maidstone; the confession of Freeman Sondes, esq. a prayer composed for his use by Dr. Boreman; a miscellany of divers remarkable passages and practices of Mr. Freeman Sondes, and others, during his imprisonment; a postscript to the whole kingdom; and an appeal to the godly orthodox clergy of the church.

Historical record informs us, that sir George Sondes lived many years after the lamentable catastrophe, so faithfully and pathetically related by him, happened in his family. For we find that in 1676, the twentieth year afterwards, he was advanced by Charles the Second to the dignity of a peer, by the title of baron of Throwleigh, viscount Sondes, of Lees-Court, and earl of Feversham in the county of Kent, with remainder to Lewis lord Duras, of Holdenby, who had married his eldest daughter by a second wife.

Sermons on various Subjects, intended to promote Christian Knowledge and Human Happiness. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. Minister of St. Edmund's, Dudley. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1793.

OF this volume we are informed by the author, that the sermons it contains

‘ Were written to be *preached* rather than to be *published*. Per-spiciuity and plainness therefore, are qualities which he has been more solicitous to attain than elegance and refinement. Had his mind been pre-occupied by the idea of *Publication*, his diction might have been more polished and correct; but would it not have been less warm and impressive?—He would then have written from the *head*,—whereas these discourses flowed from the *heart*.

‘ To an enlightened public he submits them with a *cherished* confidence in its candour; yet not without a just apprehension of its censure,—a more *painful* apprehension, he confesses, than at other times he experienced when approaching its tribunal.’

The subjects are :—1. Faith. 2. Hope. 3. Charity. 4. Suicide. 5, 6. Disappointment and Happiness. 7. The peculiar Duties of Christianity, (a farewell sermon.) 8. Britain's Happiness. An Assize Sermon. 9. Justice and Mercy, ditto. 10. The Duty of Children to their Parents. 11, 12, 13, 14. The Divinity and Humiliation of Christ. 15. The Divinity of Christ. 16. Addressed to young Persons on Confirmation. 17. Christ weeping over Jerusalem. 18. On Humanity to the Brute Creation.

Dr. Booker is the author of several poetical compositions, which have been received with general approbation; and if a numerous list of subscribers be vouchers of their merit, this evidence he can produce in favour of his sermons. Indeed, so extended is their number, that a large impression, we understand, have been found insufficient to supply the demand. These discourses are written with considerable animation, but whether the style be not rather too lofty for a common audience, and sometimes too poetical, we will leave for others to determine.

“ *Love thy neighbour as thyself;*” and, “ *Do to others what ye would they should do to you,*” are precepts of high and awful authority: and were they but revered as they ought to be, mercy and compassion, kindness and benevolence, with all the sacred charities of life, would be universal. Every man would be every man's sincere friend; the sordid jealousies and competitions of interest; the illiberal distinctions of sect and party would no longer

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depreciate the Christian character ; and peace and good-neighbourhood would every-where prevail.

‘Whereas, by the envious and revengeful,—by the covetous and worldly-minded, who “turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless:” by persons of this description, who are dead to the warm impulse of humanity, every plea of an offending brother is disregarded ; every palliating *cause* or circumstance of error is overlooked, and every offer of reparation neglected. Such unhappy and misguided persons deem cruelty just, and vengeance salutary. Whatever conduct the laws will sanction, they pursue ; whatever sentence the laws promulgate, they require, though ruin inevitable, to the object of their malice, follow the stern decree.

‘But the instances are few, in the annals of justice, compared with those in the annals of *fashion*, where inhumanity or revenge has pursued its object to the boundaries of life. Yet, how many instances are there where it has been equally cruel and inhuman !—How many instances—where it has “seized its debtor by the throat, saying, “Pay me that thou owest:” and has thrown him into prison, *there* to languish in misery and confinement, till he has discharged the uttermost farthing !

‘Behold yon domestic circle,—the father industriously employed in the midst of his numerous, but happy family. He is the object of their united affection, and the supplier of their wants. To him they look for protection, for food and raiment. The smile of content, unconscious of approaching adversity, enlivens the countenance of the mother and her children. When, lo !—the minister of rigid justice crosses the peaceful threshold. The wife is bereaved of her husband,—the children of their father ! Seized in the very act of labouring to *satisfy* the impatient demand, he is torn from their embraces, and thrown into the confines of a jail. *There* (like the oppressed Israelites under their oppressed task-masters) he is deprived of the necessary means of labour, and rendered incapable of earning the sum that will restore him to light and liberty !

‘Say, creditor ! art thou a *husband*,—art thou a *father* ?—If thou art, thy own feelings will correct thee. If thou art *not*,—if neither of these endearing characters belong to thee,—contemplate *him* for a moment, who is *both*. View him through the bars of a dreary cell into which *thou* hast cast him, and read in his countenance the anguish of his heart,—anguish, occasioned by *others’* sorrows rather than his own !—Then go and view “*want, and her babes*” in tears. View the wife thou hast made a *widow*,—the children, whom thou hast rendered *fatherless* !—These scenes of distress and misery, of which thou art the author, attentively behold ; and if thou hast the feelings of a man, or the principles

tuples of a Christian, thou wilt “shew mercy and compassion to thy brother:”—thou wilt instantly “*loose him and let him go.*”

After a citation from Ecclesiasticus III. the author adds :

‘ These words are conclusive. If any thing can confirm the dutiful in their duty, or reclaim the disobedient from the error of their way, the passage I have read must answer the purpose. It must bring conviction to the heart, if that heart be not harder than adamant, if it be not totally estranged to the feelings of nature.

‘ Is there any one among you to whom the sacred language is unprofitable,—to whose inmost soul it does not penetrate, and soothe with a tenderness and joy, or stab with a painful compunction?—Tell me, O child of disobedience ! thou whose unnatural and cruel conduct has added sorrow to the weight of thy parents’ cares ; who hast prematurely turned their locks to silver ; and made dim their sight with weeping : tell me, what are *thy* feelings at this moment, and what the conduct which they urge thee to pursue ? — Do they impel thee to *persevere* in cruelty ; to go on in guilty disobedience, that thou mayest add more wrinkles to thy parents’ faces,—that thou mayest draw more tears from their aged eyes,—more drops of blood from their breaking hearts, or increase the number of their hoary hairs ?—Do they move thee *not* to return to a sense of duty, till thou hast *brought down those hoary hairs with sorrow to the grave* ?—No : —they move thee to a *different* conduct. They urge thee to “ arise and go to thy father, and to say unto him : father ! I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ! ” —Obey, I intreat thee, their generous impulse. Be reconciled to thy parents. “ Honour thy father and mother ; ” and endeavour to compensate by thy future obedience, for all the griefs thou hast occasioned by thy past behaviour.—Perhaps the hand of death has broken the union between them,—has, relentless, torn thy mother from thy father, or thy father from thy mother ; —has left one of them solitary and sad, to bear unsoled the remaining cares of life.—If this be the case,—let thy affection be *doubled* to thy surviving parent.—Let the following request, the request of an aged parent to his son, be never forgotten by thee.—“ My son, when I am dead, bury me, and despise not thy mother ; but honour her all the days of thy life, and do that which shall please her, and grieve her not.—Remember, my son, that she saw many dangers for thee, when thou wast in her womb : and when *she* is dead,—bury her by *me* in one grave.”

In an Appendix, containing notes on the foregoing discourses, is the following :

Should it be asked why he is styled the *Word*? — the proper answer seems to be: that as a thought or conception of the understanding is brought forth and communicated in *speech* or *discourse*, so is the Divine Will made known by the Word, who is the offspring and emanation of the Eternal Mind;—an emanation pure and undivided, like that of light, which is the proper issue of the sun, and yet coeval with its parent orb: since the sun cannot be supposed to exist a moment without emitting light. And, were the one eternal, the other, though strictly and properly *produced* by it, would be as strictly and properly co-eternal with it. So true is the assertion of the Nicene fathers;—so apt the instance subjoined for its illustration — “God *off* God, Light *off* Light:” — In apostolical language—“The brightness of his Father’s Glory, and the express image of his person:” outwardly, indeed, he appeared merely human. The sun was covered with a cloud; but it was still the sun, and often manifested *through* the cloud the power and brightness of its beams.”

Dr. Booker will, no doubt, apply to the syndics of the university press to introduce, in the future editions of the prayer-book, his emendation of the Nicene creed.

An historical and critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of Saint George, Patron of England, of the Order of the Garter, and of the Antiquarian Society; in which the Assertions of Edward Gibbon, Esq. History of Decline and Fall, cap. 23. and of certain other modern Writers concerning this Saint are discussed; in a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. George Earl of Leicester. By the Rev. J. Milner, F. S. A. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett. 1792.

MR. Milner, to whose name those who have read the late controversy amongst the Romanists of this country cannot be strangers, has here, with zeal and ability, undertaken a subject which he is well qualified to discuss.

Calvin (Institut. cap. 10.) Chemnitius (Exam. Frid. Sefs. 25.) and others, having cashiered from the church triumphant the tutelary saint of our country, (who had been represented as a once distinguished character in the church militant,) declaring him a non-entity; and Echard having confounded him with George the Arian bishop of Alexandria, Mr. Milner, in opposition to them and Mr. Gibbon, who favours the latter opinion, has here undertaken to show, not only that there was such a saint, but that he was a very different person from the bishop supposed. That there existed a martyr of the name of George, who suffered in one of the early persecutions, and that he was famous as such in the orthodox church during the following century, he argues, from the rejection in the

council of seventy bishops at Rome, in 494, under Gelasius, of many forged acts attributed to him. To this, he adds, the mention of a particular church consecrated to his memory, by the sixth general council, held in 552, which, in contradistinction from others of his name, twice called him St. George of Constantinople. Five other churches are further said to have been erected in that city under his patronage, and one in particular by the emperor Maurice, about the year 590. Naples and Lydda are said to have been distinguished by similar edifices, under the direction of Constantine; and at the last place he was supposed to be buried. Mr. Milner goes on to accumulate further evidence, and observes, that

‘ We find our saint’s name, and his festival fixed to the very day on which we celebrate it, in the martyrology of St. Jerom, in the very ancient *Ordo Romanus*, published by Fronto Duceus, and in the sacramentary or missal collected by St. Gregory the Great; where it occurs with its proper preface or prayer, under the ecclesiastical title of the birth-day of St. George. We again find it in the martyrology of our venerable Bede, who flourished in the eighth century, and in that of Usuard, who lived in the ninth, though both of these hagiographers, in celebrating, what they call, his illustrious martyrdom, reject his false history, which they well knew had been condemned in the Roman council. To the former of these centuries, that is to say, to the eighth, belongs that curious monument of antiquity, which the learned Stephen Antony Morcelli has, within these three or four years, brought to light, out of the collection of the late cardinal Albani, who procured it from the East. I speak of the original menology or calendar of the church of Constantinople, which, though without a date, the learned editor proves, by intrinsic evidence, to have been drawn up before the beginning of the Iconoclast century, and consequently before the year 730. In this the 23d of April is marked as *sacred to the memory of the holy George*. He tells us that in another menology, that of Basil Porphyrogenet, of the tenth century, which he has seen in manuscript, in the Vatican, our saint is qualified with the title of the *great martyr*, by which title, or else by that of the *commander*, or the *victorious*, he is generally described in the modern Greek calendars. If it be true, as Papebroke asserts, that our saint’s name occurs, on the usual day, in a Saxon martyrology, extant in Bennet College, Cambridge, we have an additional proof, besides the testimony of Bede, that St. George was known and acknowledged as a martyr, by our Saxon ancestors. Certain it is that on the coming in of the Normans, above twenty years before the first crusade, a parish church in Oxford was built in memory of St. George; as was the church of Windsor soon after this event; though the second founda-

dation of this most noble memorial of St. George, by Edward III. has not only eclipsed the former foundation, by Henry I. but almost obliterated its memory. The fame of our saint was so much diffused by the crusaders after their success in the battle of Antioch, which they ascribed to the assistance they conceived themselves to have miraculously received from him, that, as Papebroke remarks, there was hardly a city, town, or village in Christendom, in which a church of St. George was not to be met with.

The origin of Calvin's opinion, Mr. Milner attributes to the indentification of St. George, with the emblematical figure of an armed knight combating with a winged serpent, whence he became also a supposed substitute for Perseus. This he conceives to have originated from the representation of Constantine, which that emperor caused to be fixed on the portico of the palace, and also impressed on his coins, to celebrate his triumph over Satan in the destruction of infidelity: in which he appeared 'trampling on a dragon transfix'd through the belly, and plunging into the sea.' The ingenuity of this conjecture is, however, superseded by Mr. Milner himself; for in p. 29, 30, he refers the emblem of St. George in fierce combat with the dragon, as drawn from certain passages in the spurious acts which Gelasius, as before mentioned, condemned, and in which acts are frequent allusions to that spiritual victory to be obtained over *that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan*:—and further, from his accounting for St. George's being, 'in ancient times, represented fighting on horseback, rather than on foot.'

Under the second head, Mr. Milner examines the grounds on which St. George of Cappadocia, the military martyr, is confounded with George, the Asian bishop of Alexandria; and having enumerated several other striking instances of incompatibility in their histories, he adds to the rest,

'I shall mention one more glaring circumstance, which shews that the orthodox Christians of early, as well as of later times, clearly distinguished the martyr whom they venerated from the Arian persecutor, whose rage, their brethren, and above all St. Athanasius had so severely felt. Ammianus, together with all the church writers and historians, from Socrates down to Nicephoras Calistus, informs us, that after George of Alexandria had been murdered by the Pagan multitude, not without the connivance, Mr. Gibbon would have us believe, of the orthodox party, his body was burnt to ashes, (some historians add, that the very camel which carried his carcase to the pile was burnt with him,) and these ashes were collected, with jealous care, and thrown into the sea, lest they should be carried away by his partisans. This transaction was notorious to the whole world, having taken place on
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its most public theatre, the great emporium of Alexandria; the memory of which has been perpetuated down to the present day, by all the principal writers who have related the events of that period. On the other hand, the George, who was the object of public veneration in the fifth, sixth, and succeeding centuries, was a martyr, whose sepulchre was well known in countries the most remote from that where it was placed.'

If in a future edition of this work, the learned author should introduce the legendary passages themselves to which he alludes, as well as some others from history which have escaped his attention, we think he will perform an acceptable service.

Collinson's History of Somerset. (Concluded from Vol. VIII. p. 67.)

MR. Collinson, with one exception, pursues his subject alphabetically; distributing in that order the hundreds, and the places which they contain: a mode of division certainly the most easy to the writer and reader; and, like an alphabetical list of subscribers, calculated to give offence to none.

The exception above noted is Bath, to which city is allotted the distinction of priority and precedence: and here, strange to tell! we meet with that requisite preliminary which is denied to the county, an accurate description of latitude and longitude. But that the name of this place is derived from the Greek *Bαθυ*, *profundum*, we can by no means allow. It is unquestionably deduced from the circumstance of its *baths*; that natural phenomenon which has distinguished it in ages beyond all history or tradition. What consideration induced Mr. Collinson to admit this strange etymology we are at a loss to imagine. He might as well have traced the denomination of England to the Latin, as abounding in oaks and *acorns*, or that of Bristol to the Greek; *Βρι*, *valde*, *εσση*, *vestis*, with reference to its manufactories for clothing. The Britons denominated Bath, amongst other appellations, *Caer-Badon*, (the city of baths); the Greeks, *Υδατα θερμα*, and *Βαδιζα*, (the latter term being evidently borrowed from the British *Badon*) and the Romans, *Aquæ Solis*, *Fontes Calidi*, *Thermæ*, and by several other titles, either denoting its peculiar waters, or deduced from the language of the inhabitants whom they found here. The etymology which Mr. Collinson assigns is, therefore, groundless and untenable. In his derivation of the name of the county from Somerton, the chief town at the period when the Saxons succeeded the Romans, and which was probably so called on account of 'the æstival pleasantness of its

situation,' he follows an established conjecture, and is more successful.

We are pleased to find that this historian has rejected the fabulous legends that have so long prevailed, even in respectable accounts, relative to the original discovery of the Bath waters; and that he has put to flight king Bladud and his hogs, as well as the monkish miracles of St. David.

' Absurd, says Mr. Collinson, as these legends are, still they have some tendency to point out the antiquity of the hot springs; nor could it indeed have hardly been possible for such a wonderful phenomenon to have remained unobserved by the rudest aborigines of the country; but the antiquity of the city and the baths themselves we are not to refer to any higher period than the arrival of the Romans, a people peculiarly happy in converting the gifts of nature to the properest uses, and in supplying her deficiencies by admirable works of art.

' It was in the year of our Lord 44, and in the reign of the emperor Claudius, that the Roman forces, under the conduct of Flavius Vespasian, after having reduced all the Belgic colonies and the western parts of Britain under the subjection of the Roman empire, sat down in this territory, to which they had probably been directed by the native Belgæ. The report of such genial waters as flowed with spontaneous heat from the bosom of the earth in a rude and barbarous country, was a sufficient inducement to a people who had so lately left the luxuries of Italy, where every art was employed in erecting the most superb baths and sudatories, and in fabricating with immense labour and expence that very article of indulgence, which nature in this spot furnished without the smallest trouble to their hands. Such an extraordinary and unexpected bounty they could not fail ascribing to that orb, which imparts heat and vigour to the universe; and they at once bestowed upon the waters the appellation of *Aquæ Solis*, or the Waters of the Sun. Here they stationed the first detachment of the second legion, building proper habitations for the officers and the military in general, and at length, by the arrival of other legions, the place grew into a city, endowed with Roman liberties, and governed by Roman laws. Walls, gates, and temples, were erected, and a little Rome began to adorn a dreary inhospitable wild.'

Of this celebrated place an ample and diffuse description is given through upwards of eighty pages, including its British, Saxon, and Norman history, its Roman antiquities, its ecclesiastical affairs, the ancient city, walls, gates, and fountains, the modern city and its additional buildings, the charter and corporation, the fairs, commerce, and manufactures, the representatives in parliament from the year 1297 (with some omissions) to 1790, the mayors from 1655 to the same period, the

the most eminent natives and inhabitants, the titles it has conferred, the numerous writers on the Bath waters, (amongst whom Dr. Smollet is erroneously distinguished by the Christian name of *Thomas*) the virtues of those springs, and every other particular which can gratify antiquarian research or modern curiosity. It should have been added, however, in the account of the charter, that it has, for many years, been vacated as to its most essential purpose; that of preventing strangers from setting up their business within the city.

From this satisfactory account of Bath we shall select two articles. The first is the oath anciently taken by a citizen on his admission to the freedom of the city; and which may be esteemed a singular curiosity.

‘ I schall buxom and obedyent be to the mayr of Bathe, and to al hys succeflowrys. And y schal mentayne me to no lordschyp for hynderans of eny burges of Bath. Nether y schal nogth plete wyth no burges of Bathe, buth on the mayr's curte, yf hit so be that the mayr wyll do me rygth, or may do me rygth. Seynt Katern day y schall kepe halyday yerely, and Seynt Katern chapel and the brygge helpe to mentayne, and to susteyne by my powre. All other custumys and fredumys that langit to the fore sayde fredom y schal well and truly kepe and mentayne on my behafe. Selme God and Haly Dome.’

The other is part of the affectionate tribute to the memory of Mr. Collinson's original coadjutor in this history, Mr. Edmund Rack; who lived not to see his labours completed. In this undertaking Mr. Rack's particular department was *the topographical parochial survey*.

‘ This, notwithstanding his ill state of health, he indefatigably pursued during the successive years of 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, and 1786, and, except a few towns and parishes, lived to finish: but only a small part of the first volume was printed before his death.’

This gentleman was bred a quaker; but early displayed a liberality of thinking, and a disposition to literature, not very common amongst that sect. His first publication of any note was *Caspipeina's Letters*, which the rev. Mr. Polwhele, (the author of this biographic sketch) observes is a mere cypher, as follows:

“ TAMOC CASPIPINA: *The Assistant Minister of Christ's Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia in North-America.*”

But *Caspipeina* admits a much easier solution; viz. Curate at St. Peter's, &c.

Soon afterwards, he published another work called *Mentor's Letters*.

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‘ He was known also in 1777, as one of the writers for the Farmer’s Magazine ; the three last volumes of which are rendered valuable by his communications in agriculture. But this prolific year, in which he had so fully displayed the fertility of his genius, was concluded by a signal instance of his public spirit. Through the vehicles of the Farmer’s Magazine and the Bath Chronicle, he communicated to the public a scheme for the institution of an *Agricultural Society* ; and so generally approved was his plan, that the society for the four counties of Somerset, Wilts, Gloucester, and Dorset, was instituted in the beginning of the year 1778, with the promising views of a permanent establishment. He had the satisfaction to see it supported by the continual accession of new subscribers ; whilst he received, as secretary to the society, the most flattering testimonies of approbation.’

Engaged in this active employment,

‘ He now often lamented, that he had less time than usual for cultivating a correspondence with his friends ; and to supply the want of a communication to which he had been long accustomed, he would frequently retire to his closet, and recall to memory the sentiments of his youth. “ It is but a moment (he would often complain) which I can now and then rescue from unfeeling business, for this heart-edifying amusement !” In one of those solitary moments, looking over some old letters, where the traces of youthful sensibility were fresh and vivid, he recollected the whole train of correspondence, with the regretful thought that it was now probably interrupted to be resumed no more. It was on this occasion that he was struck forcibly with the idea of publishing the best letters in his collection ; and he accordingly selected from a mass of two hundred letters about sixty, which the public would probably have received with complacency ; but through the avocation of business the scheme was laid aside.

‘ About this time he was troubled with a violent cough, which was suspected to be consumptive. In a letter dated May 2, 1778, he thus writes of himself : “ I seem to be verging downwards to that valley which terminates in the shadow of death. Perhaps I may descend it with unexpected celerity ; but I am not solicitous about an event which must be left to the great Disposer of all Things, who will certainly do what is right ; yet I sometimes think that this hand, which now guides the pen of friendship, will soon forget its cunning, and become the food of reptiles in the grave.”

He survived, however, under the pressure of disease, and temporal misfortunes, in the frequent anticipation of death, yet incessantly employed in works of utility, till the year 1787 ; when he died, amidst universal regret, in the 52nd year of his age.

It is impossible that we can pursue Mr. Collinson through the vast mass of information and entertainment which he has so laboriously collected. It must, therefore, suffice to select a few of the most remarkable curiosities of nature and art, which distinguish this county, together with its principal antiquities, to note its most glaring errors and inaccuracies, and to conclude with a general opinion of the work.

At Ashill is found a very curious water, arising from a medicinal spring, which has been ingeniously analysed by Dr. Farr of Curry Rivel, and which, amongst an abundance of other peculiarities, possesses these; that, though cold, it never freezes; and that the well in which it is found ebbs and flows every day. At Western Super Mare is another well, equally remarkable, but totally different in its chief peculiarity. 'At ebb tide it is full, but sinks as the tide comes in, and becomes quite empty at high water.'

At Curry Rivel is 'an oak which bears acorns of an uncommon size, being more than thrice the usual dimensions: and from some experiments made by an eminent naturalist, it appears that the plants which they produce grow twice as fast as those raised from common acorns.'

At Mark, 'many large oak and yew trees have at different times been dug up in the moors. These lie from four to six feet under the surface, and are very hard, and as black as ink; but after being a little time exposed to the air, they become rotten, and crumble into dust.'

The account of a village named Culbone is so romantic, that we cannot forbear to transcribe it, especially as it presents a favourable specimen of Mr. Collinson's power of description.

'The situation of this church is singularly romantic; it stands in a little narrow cove, about four hundred feet above the level of the water. On each side of this cove the hills rise almost perpendicularly more than twelve hundred feet high. That on the west side is conical, and considerably higher. The back of the cove is a noble amphitheatre of steep hills and rocks, which rise near six hundred feet above the church, and are covered with coppice woods to the tops. The trees which compose these vast plantations, set by the hand of nature, are oaks, beech, mountain ash, poplars, pines, and firs, mingled together in the most wanton variety. At the back ground of this cove, through a steep narrow winding glen, a fine rivulet rushes down a narrow rocky channel overhung with wood, and passing by the church, forms a succession of cascades in its descent down the rocks into the sea.

'This spot is as truly romantic as any perhaps which the kingdom can exhibit. The magnitude, height, and grandeur of
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the hills, rocks, and woods, at the back and on each side of the cove; the solemnity of the surrounding scene; the sound of the rivulet roaring down its craggy channel; the steep impassable descent from the church down to the beach; the dashing of the waves on a rough and stony shore at an awful distance below; the extent of the channel, and finely varied coast and mountains of Wales beyond it; form a scene peculiarly adapted to strike the mind with pleasure and astonishment.

‘ During the three winter months the sun is never seen here; being entirely hid by the height of the surrounding hills.’

At Minehead is found a very singular fish, which well merits the notice of the chemist.

‘ On the rocks at low water is a species of limpet, which contains a liquor very curious for marking fine linen; the process is as follows: Lay the limpet with its mouth downward on some solid body, and break it with a smart stroke of a hammer, but not so as to bruise the fish. When the shell is picked off, there will appear a white vein lying transversely in a little furrow next the head of the fish, which may be taken out by a bodkin or any other pointed instrument. The letters or figures made with this liquor on linen will presently appear of a light green colour, and if placed in the sun will change into the following colours: if in winter about noon, if in summer, an hour or two after sun-rising, and so much before setting; for in the heat of the day in summer it will come on so fast, that the succession of each colour will scarcely be distinguished. Next to the first light green, it will appear of a deep green, and in a few minutes change to a full sea-green; after which, in a few minutes more, it will alter to a blue; then to a purplish red: after which, lying an hour or two, (if the sun shines) it will be of a deep purple red, beyond which the sun does no more. But this last beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will, on being laid out to dry, be a fair bright crimson, which will abide all future washing. This species of limpets are, some red, others white, black, yellow, brown, and sand-colour; and some are striped with white and brown parallel lines.’

In the account of Glastonbury are some curious memorials of its famous thorn and walnut trees.

‘ Southwest from the town Wearyall-Hill, an eminence so called (if we will believe the monkish writers) from St. Joseph and his companions sitting down here all weary with their journey. Here St. Joseph stuck his stick into the earth, which, although a dry hawthorn staff, thenceforth grew, and constantly budded on Christmas-day. It had two trunks or bodies, till the time of queen Elizabeth, when a puritan exterminated one, and left the other,

other, which was of the size of a common man, to be viewed in wonder by strangers; and the blossoms thereof were esteemed such curiosities by people of all nations, that the Bristol merchants made a traffic of them, and exported them into foreign parts. In the great rebellion, during the time of king Charles I. the remaining trunk of this tree was also cut down; but other trees from its branches are still growing in many gardens of Glastonbury, and in the different nurseries of this kingdom. It is probable that the monks of Glastonbury procured this tree from Palestine, where abundance of the same sort grow, and flower about the same time. Where this thorn grew is said to have been a nunnery dedicated to St. Peter, without the pale of Weriel-Park, belonging to the abbey.

‘ Besides this holy thorn, there grew in the abbey-church-yard, on the north side of St. Joseph’s chapel, a miraculous walnut-tree, which never budded forth before the feast of St. Barnabas, viz. the eleventh of June; and on that very day shot forth leaves, and flourished like its usual species. This tree is also gone, and in the place thereof stands a very fine walnut-tree of the common sort.

‘ It is strange to say how much both these trees were sought after by the credulous; and though the former was a common thorn, and the latter not an uncommon walnut, queen Anne, king James, and many of the nobility of the realm, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original.’

But, perhaps, the most stupendous work of nature that distinguishes this county, is the rocks of Chedder.

• A considerable part of the lands in this and the adjacent parishes, being rich moors, this place has long been justly celebrated for making cheese, which is indeed superior in quality to most in England, and has even been compared with the productions of the vats of Parma.

• But what most distinguishes the place, and occasions it to be visited by travellers, is that stupendous chasm, called *Chedder-Cliff*; which is certainly the most striking scene of its kind in Great-Britain. This vast chasm runs across the southwest ridge of the hill from top to bottom, extending in a north-east winding direction more than a mile in length, and then branching off by two passages in the form of a Y by an easy ascent to the top of Mendip. At the entrance from the town, nine small springs, pure as crystal, burst from the foot of the cliffs, all within the space of about thirty feet, and joining together within forty yards of their source, form a broad rapid river of the clearest and finest water in the world. The bed of this river is a sand mixed with shingles, and in many places is almost covered with broken fragments of
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stone and small rocks, rising above the surface of the water. On these are many curious aquatick plants, polypodies, aspleniums, and confervas; which being kept in continual motion by the stream, broken by many little falls from ledges of natural rocks, render the scene uncommonly beautiful. On many of these rocks is found a curious kind of fresh-water patella, or limpet, shaped like a truncated cone, of a bluish and amber colour, pellucid and beautifully striated with lines of bright purple. This river contains trout, eels, and roach, and a few years ago turned thirteen mills within half a mile of its source. The number is now reduced to seven, three of which are paper-mills, the other grist-mills. After winding through divers part of the town, it enters the moors, and discharges itself into the Ax.

“ And Chedder for meere grieve his teene he could not wreake
Gusht forth so forcefull streames, that he was like to breake
The greater bankes of Ax, as from his mother's cave
He wandred towards the sea.”

From this remarkable water thus issuing out of the towering cliffs, this place derives the name of Chedder, (Ced signifying a brow or conspicuous height, and dūr, water), by which is significantly expressed its situation at the foot of lofty rocks, washed by a copious stream.

Beyond the spring head, the entrance opens into the chasm, which is in many places very narrow, and scattered over with rude loose fragments of fallen rocks. The stone is of various kinds; some almost black, and extremely hard and ponderous, containing a considerable quantity of iron; others a coarse kind of marble veined with a dusky red, which burns into strong lime, and a third sort appears to be coral in a fossil state, of which there are several sorts, some full of small stars, and others in large buds finely striated from a centre.

Proceeding in this winding passage the cliffs rise on either hand in the most picturesque forms, some of them being near eight hundred feet high, and terminating in craggy pyramids. On the right hand some of them are perpendicular to the height of four hundred feet, and resemble the shattered battlements of vast castles. On the left hand or west side are two also of this form, which lean over the valley with a threatening aspect, and the tops of many others at the height of several hundred feet, project over the heads of the spectators with terrific grandeur. In general the swelling projections on the one side stand opposed to corresponding hollows on the others; which is a strong indication that this immense gap was formed by some dreadful convulsion of the earth. On the right hand the cliffs are steeper than on the left, and are generally inaccessible; but beautifully interspersed with ivy, shrubs, small yew, and other trees, which grow out of the fissures
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of the rocks up to their very summits. Many curious plants, such as aspleniums, liverwort, fengreen, polypody, and thaliætrum or meadow-rue, and particularly the *dianthus-glaucus*, or crimson mountain-pink, peculiar to this place, are found here in great plenty, and on the rocky summit of Mendip.

‘ In the sides of the cliffs are five considerable caverns ; one of them, the entrance into which is near one hundred feet high from the valley, contains many curious stalactitical productions, spars and crystalizations ; and also the *lac lune*, or white soft argillaceous earth, growing like a fungus, very light and friable. The stalactites are generally found in nodules or crusts from one to three inches thick, swelling out of the clefts of the rock within the cavern, and some pieces of it when cut take an excellent polish. This cavern is rugged and uneven, but contains some very spacious vaults of a vast height, the natural arches of which present an awful appearance, and fine echoes are reverberated within their walls. The vaults extend in a winding direction to the north-east more than three hundred yards under the hill. Another smaller cavern extends about twenty yards, but does not afford much that is curious : in this cavern a poor woman a few years ago had her solitary residence.

‘ In passing along this valley, the awful scenery is continually changing ; but to observe all its beauties, it must be traversed backwards and forwards. In doing this, there will be found ten points of view, which are grand beyond description, and where the prospects exhibit that wild and tremendous magnificence which cannot fail impressing the mind of the spectator with awe, and astonishment at the works of that Power, whose voice even the obdurate rocks obey, and retire.

‘ Stupendous, however, as these cliffs are, the top of Mendip is some hundred feet higher, sloping upwards from their tops in a gentle ascent, and affording a most extensive prospect over the southern and the western parts of this county, a considerable part of Wilts and Dorset, the Bristol Channel, the Holmes, and a long range of the coast of Wales.’

Amongst the curious relics of art and antiquity stand prominent the *Wansdike*, or great Belgic boundary, (noticed in our former extract) which is accurately delineated ; the Roman *fosse*, which in many parts of this county remains perfect, (particularly round Bath ;) Stanton-Drew, a prodigious work of stone far removed beyond all history or tradition ; Glastonbury Abbey ; the Roman discoveries at several times made in Bath ; and those at East Coker in the year 1753, where,

‘ In ditching in a field belonging to Mr. Forbes, (a great collector of curiosities) the foundations of a Roman dwelling-house were

were discovered, consisting of several rooms, one of which was floored with a most beautiful tessellated pavement, representing in strong colours a variety of figures, among which was a female lying on a couch in full proportion, with an hour-glass under her elbow, and a cornucopia in her hand; over her head a hare flying from a greyhound, just catching her in his mouth; and at her feet a bloodhound in pursuit of a doe just before him. Another female appeared dressed in her Roman stola with the purple laticlave; and a third, much damaged, helping to affix a robe round a naked person on a couch. Under this pavement was a hypocaust; and a great quantity of bricks, burnt bones, and corroded pieces of iron, were found in other apartments. Not a piece of this pavement is now left, the whole of the field wherein it was found having been ploughed up, and the antique fragments dispersed among curious visitors.'

The engravings that decorate this work, though they are directed to be interspersed in those parts to which they respectively belong, constitute a fourth volume. They are neatly executed, and together with a map of the county, represent the following objects; viz. The ancient Plan of Bath, its Antiquities, Town Seals, Baths, and Town Hall, Lady Miller's Monument, the Seats of Burton-Pynsent, Hatch-court, Halfwell, Bailbrook-Lodge, Kelweston-House, Yarlinton-Lodge, Fairfield, Dunster-Castle, Sutton-Court, Stone-Easton, Hinton St. George, South-Hill, Long Ashton-Court, Barrow-Court, Sandhill Park, Hestercombe, Montacute, Newton-Park, Shapwick, Court-House, St. Audre's, Crowcombe-Court, and Nettlecombe Court; Lyons' Tombs, and Ichnography of Glastonbury Abbey, an ornamental Arch in Trent-Church, an Altar-Piece in Martock-Church, Frome-school; the Churches of North-Cadbury, Chard, Brewton, Huish, Ilminster, Doultling, Crewkerne, Winscombe, Yatton, Long Ashton, Martock, Backwell, Kilminster, Bridgewater, North Petherton, South Petherton, Curry-Rivel, North Curry, Kingsbury, and Yeovil; and Cleve Abbey.

In this list, copious as it appears, are several considerable omissions: amongst which, it may suffice to notice, a *modern* plan of Bath, its abbey church (one of the most complete and venerable fabrics in the kingdom) and Prior-Park, the princely seat of the celebrated Ralph Allen. But the deficiency of the two last is certainly not imputable to Mr. Collinson.

This article is already extended to such a length that we have not room to notice a variety of remarkable circumstances, anecdotes, traditions, and epitaphs, some of which we purposed to extract. For all these we must, therefore, refer to the work; which affords much amusement of a local nature.

We

We hasten to the most unpleasant part of our task ; to notice the imperfections of a performance that, on the whole, deserves infinitely more of applause than censure. We discerned in the beginning of the work, especially in the Preface, symptoms of an obsolete, vulgar, or affected style that pervades the sequel. In the Dedication Mr. Collinson tells the king, he is fearful that the subject is 'meanly handled,' and invokes the supreme being long to continue to this country 'so good a *dispensator* of his benignity.'

In the Preface we learn that 'Divitiacus *mindes himself* to bring over into Britain,' &c. and in the account of Bath, no person is said ever to have *made so much noise* there as Beau Nash. In Drayton, 'the number of *souls* are about 268.' We also meet with the following strange phrases, 'a regularity of meritorious conduct,' and 'unpictured solitudes;' 'prolixity' for extent, 'fell out' for happened 'save' for excepting, 'thwarting a road' for crossing it, 'in regard' for because; 'captivated' for captured; 'to speculate' for to survey with a glass or speculum, (and 'speculation,' in the same sense), 'notable' for remarkable; 'infrequently' for inconsiderably; 'miserably handled' for cruelly treated; 'at what time' for at which time; 'dissentient dissenters, infant cradle, a great sink in value, outbraved, endamaged, delectation, assassimators, aspections, a huge manor, manerial' (which is invariably so spelt) 'querimonious, obedientiary, portentive, celebrious, acclivous, limpingly, romantickly, mistakenly, slantwise, contrariwise, hardby, albeit, wearilessly, therefrom, thereat, was fain, this self-same place, went to pot, such-like, and matters of like sort.'

In vol. 3. p. 124, is mentioned a sovereign whom we never before encountered in sacred, or profane, or fabulous history; viz. 'king Cnut.'

In some places, Mr. Collinson is too positive; as when in Dulverton he observes that 'the christenings are yearly 20; the burials 18;' and in Exton, that the christenings are 3, the burials, 2 annually:' as if the births and deaths in these parishes were invariably the same: in others, he is indefinite; as when he affixes no date to the account of the very curious old woman at Trull, who, *at the time of writing*, was in the 115th year of her age; to the anecdote of 'poor old Hartgill,' who, with his son, was assassinated by lord Stourton; nor to the remarkable *tumulus* discovered at Nemnet, which is vaguely dated by the phrase, 'some time ago:' and sometimes he is too particular; as when in the village, Stocklinch St. Magdalen, he informs the world that 'the only pauper in this parish is a blind old woman, named Ann Symonds!' nor are we of opinion that Mr. Collinson's repute for topographical accuracy

cy would have suffered any diminution if he had, in his account of Freshford, omitted to record such a place as 'Shitten Lane!'

Of negligent composition the following note is a sufficient instance. 'Many names are *mispelt* in Domesday-book, by reason of the transcribers not understanding the Saxon character, or to copy them from the pronunciation of the natives.' For affectation of sentiment, vulgarity of expression, and confusion of ideas, we are happy to declare that to the succeeding sentence the work affords no parallel.

'Here,' says Mr. Collinson, viz. on Exford forest), the eye of reflection sees stand uninterrupted a number of simple sepulchres of departed *souls*, whether of warriors, priests, or kings, *it matters not*; their names have long been buried with their persons in *the dust of oblivion*, and their memories have perished with their mouldering *urns*. A morsel of earth now damps in silence the *eclat* of noisy warriors; and the green turf serves as a sufficient shroud for kings!'

The essential part of his task, however, it is but just to acknowledge that Mr. Collinson has executed, both as an antiquarian and a historian, with fidelity, perseverance, and a very considerable display of ingenuity and learning. We have been more attentive to his errors, as an advertisement appears at the end of the work, announcing that 'by the same author are preparing for the press the History and Antiquities of Wiltshire:' and we trust that he will not deem us unfriendly to his reputation nor his interest, for exposing the errors that deform his present work, and which might otherwise have sullied his future labours.

A Journal during a Residence in France, from the Beginning of August to the Middle of December, 1792. To which is added, an Account of the most remarkable Events that happened at Paris from that Time to the Death of the late King of France. By J. Moore, M.D. 2 Vols. Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Robinsons. 1793.

THOSE of our readers, who recollect the pleasure they have formerly enjoyed in accompanying this lively and companionable writer in his literary vis-a-vis, through great part of the continent, will be eager to embrace the opportunity of travelling with him through scenes which have interested the curiosity, and agitated the feelings of all Europe. Dr. Moore arrived in Paris immediately before the memorable 10th of August, and continued there with his noble patron, being detained,
by

by the impossibility of obtaining passports, through the eventful period in which, upon the ruins of the monarchical system, the new republic arose, amidst flames and massacres, and shocks of conflicting parties, like a volcanic island thrown up by an earthquake from the bottom of the sea. As our author is well known to have been a warm admirer of the French revolution in its earlier stages; and from his late residence in Paris, and connections there, has been supposed to continue his admiration of it through its subsequent changes, many have been afraid to take up the present publication, lest they should meet in it those opinions which are now become so obnoxious. We beg leave to assure them, however, that their fears are groundless; and it is a collateral advantage, which Dr. Moore will no doubt derive from this publication, that his political sentiments will no longer be liable to an interpretation so unpopular, especially, as he has taken care to introduce a just, as well as fashionable eulogium on 'constitutions so admirably poised that they require no dangerous renovation, and which contain within their fabric the safe means of repair when they are needed'.

It was not, indeed, probable that so cool, dispassionate, and sensible an observer as Dr. Moore should be a bigot to either party; and those who are not such themselves, will, we apprehend, be, in general, satisfied with the candour and impartiality of his representations, except that some will, perhaps, think he has not sufficiently adverted to the extreme danger the French were in from the foreign invasion, and that, with regard to Louis the XVth, influenced by the most amiable of all prejudices, a bias towards the unfortunate, he has given too large a scope to that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things. Dr. Moore is not only of opinion that the plots on the 10th of August proceeded entirely from the republican party, and that the measures of the king were all meant to be defensive; an opinion the subsequent events seem to justify; but that he was really and bona fide satisfied with the constitution, and determined to be faithful to it, provided it was allowed to be faithful to him. It may be so; he seems, however, by Dr. Moore's account, to have entered into some measures very capable of misinterpretation; for he acknowledges, page 491, that the court of Vienna and the king of France played into each others hands for the purpose of crushing the Jacobins, and that the former displayed some hostile appearances, to give more weight to the party of the king and his ministers. Now this, for a plain man, was certainly treading on very dangerous ground, as the people might not be aware that these *hostile appearances* were meant only to frighten, and not to bring, as in the end they actually did bring, a

dangerous war into the bosom of their country; and the *manège* of the king on this occasion resembles that of a lady who in order to work upon the passions of her husband, should *pretend* to carry on a criminal correspondence. She could only blame her own imprudence if her husband believed her, and she lost her reputation in the experiment. If, in short, it is probable on the one hand, that the people would not have been roused to the revolution of the 10th of August, but by inflaming their passions with illiberal invectives against the king and queen, and alarming them with false surmises of plots and proscriptions, it is likewise probable, that what has happened would not have happened, had the unfortunate Louis kept *quite clear* from correspondences with the emigrants, or with foreign powers, from which the people might justly dread the overthrow of their constitution.

Dr. Moore arrived in Paris on the 7th of August, and met several carriages with people flying from Paris, under the confused apprehension of a plot ready to break out in a few days.

'Black fear they felt; but what to fear,
They knew not yet with dread.'

The debates in the national assembly were eager and tumultuous; he gives the following picture of them:

'The noise and disorder were excessive: fifty members were vociferating at once: I never was witness to a scene so tumultuous; the bell, as well as the voice of the president, was drowned in a storm, compared to which, the most boisterous night I ever was witness to in the house of commons, was calm.'

The following description is lively, and the family of the grenadier would form an interesting subject for the pencil of Croufs.

'I have this day been witness to many interesting, and even affecting scenes in the streets. During the cannonade and noise of the musketry, the grief and anxiety of all for the friends and relations they knew to be then engaged, produced a most expressive silence in some, while the air was rent by the exclamations of others, particularly the women and children, who trembled for the lives of fathers, husbands, and brothers, who had left their families at the first call to arms, and had not been seen since. When the action was over, and the national guards returning, many of the women rushed into the ranks to embrace and felicitate their husbands and brothers on their safety. I saw one father of a numerous family met at his own door by his wife and children. After embracing each other as they crowded around him, he entered the shop, carrying one of his children in each of his arms; his daughter

ter following with his grenadier's cap in her hand, and his two little boys dragging his musket.'

The following account of the accommodation and treatment the king and queen met with when they took refuge in the national assembly, though liberal to what they experienced afterwards, will dispose our readers to join cordially in the author's concluding remark.

'The lodge or box in which the royal family sat for three days from morning till night, is a small room of about nine or ten feet square, at the president's right hand, and separated from the hall of the assembly by small iron bars: the entry is behind from the corridor into a kind of small closet, through which you pass into the lodge. This closet was the only place into which they could retire; and they came into the lodge at nine of the morning of the 10th, and remained till midnight, when they were conducted to an adjacent committee-room, where they passed the night, returning to the lodge about ten in the morning.

'On the 11th and 12th they retired at about nine or ten at night; and on the 13th they were conducted to their prison at the Temple. As this small closet was the only place to which they could retire, they were under the necessity of taking every refreshment they needed through the day, there. On the 10th the king ate nothing but a little biscuit and a glass of lemonade; the queen, nothing but a basin of soup. On the subsequent days they had their dinner from a neighbouring traiteur, which was served in the same little closet. Their sole occupation, during all this time, was hearing the debates of the assembly. This would probably have been a severe punishment, although personal abuse had been abstained from; which, however, was not always the case. One member, in the midst of his harangue, said, "that all the bloodshed of that day, and all the miseries of the country, were owing to the perjury and treason of that traitor," pointing to the king. This certainly was not observing *tout le respect dû à l'infortuné*. To give way to such an outrage against a man, not to say a king, in this unhappy situation, required the heart of a tiger, and the manners of a *capuchin*.'

The queen, indeed, on this asylum being first proposed, had said, 'she had rather be nailed to the walls of the palace;' but, on its being farther pressed, she heaved a profound sigh, and said, 'it is the last sacrifice! let it be made.'

Dr. Moore seems to think, however, that the disrespect of the national assembly was more owing to fear of the people than to aversion for the king, and has the following severe remark:

'What is most certain is, that as soon as it was known that the Swifs fled, *then* all appearance of respect for the royal family ceased, and the whole assembly *seemed* to rejoice at the victory.—The oath of egalité was no sooner proposed, than all the members started up as if they had been moved by one spring, and took it.—No German regiment, however severely exercised by the cane, however expert in military jerk, could have made a more instantaneous and uniform movement.'

Amidst the horrors of a massacre, it must be a relief to the mind to meet with an anecdote like the following ;

'After the Swifs began to give way, and when those ill-fated soldiers, assailed on all sides, were slaughtered without remorse, a citizen of Paris had the humanity and the courage to protect one of them whom he saw overpowered by numbers, and ready to be sacrificed.

'Having torn this poor Swifs from the hands of his assailants, he conducted him over the bodies of his countrymen to the bar of the national assembly.—“Here (cried the generous Frenchman) let this brave soldier find protection—I have saved him from the fury of my fellow-citizens, whose enemy he never was, and only appeared to be through the error of others ; that is now expiated, and oh ! let him in this hall find mercy !”

'Having expressed himself in such terms, he threw his arms around the neck of the soldier ; and overcome by fatigue of body and agitation of mind, he actually fainted in the arms of him whose life he had saved,

'The spectators could not but be affected by this scene, When the man had by their care recovered his recollection, he begged that he might be permitted to carry the Swifs to his house ; for he said it would be a happiness to him, to lodge and maintain, during life, the person whom he had the good fortune to snatch from death.

'Notwithstanding the indignation which the king and queen must have felt at many things they had heard, they were the first who began the applause on this occasion, which instantly became universal.'

After the 10th of August the assembly, Dr. Moore says, no longer deliberated with any freedom or security, and the people of Paris were kept in a continual state of agitation and suspicion, which prepared for the deeper horrors of the 2d of September :

'When I went into the street, people were hurrying up and down with rapid steps and anxious faces ; groups were formed at every corner : one told in general that a courier had arrived with
very

very bad news; another asserted that Verdun had been betrayed like Longwy, and that the enemy were advancing; others shook their heads and said, it was the traitors within Paris, and not the declared enemies on the frontiers that were to be feared.'

'While I was writing the cannon were fired, and the tocsin sounded. People rushed in to inform us, "That the Prussian army had taken Chalons, and was in full march to Paris; that their hussars and light cavalry swept every thing before them, and were already within ten leagues of the gates of Paris." When we stated the improbability of this, the answer was, "That if there had been the least doubt, the municipality would not have ordered the cannon of alarm to be fired, nor the tocsin to be sounded.'

'What is become of Luckner's army? they would not allow hussars to pass them. The news cannot be true!'

'Why then would the cannon be fired, and the tocsin sounded?'

'This mode of arguing I heard on all sides; and as nobody could give a good reason for the cannon being fired, and the tocsin sounded, it was concluded that the Prussians were within ten leagues, and every fresh report of a cannon, or toll of the tocsin, served to confirm them in that belief.

'The most shocking crimes are at this moment (five in the afternoon) perpetrating at the prison of the Abbaye, hard by the hotel in which I now write!—a thing unequalled in the records of wickedness!'

We will not multiply quotations from a book which will be so generally read; but the following picture of the two heroes of massacre may interest our readers:

'He was not heard of on the 10th of August, nor did he present himself to this conseil-general de commune till two or three days after—for although he is a patriot of the first eminence, and a most undaunted haranguer and disputant in popular assemblies, yet he is thought rather to be inclined to shun such contests as that which was carried on in the square of the Carousal on the 10th of August.

'In person Robespierre is certainly not an Ajax, although he is thought to agree with that hero in one sentiment,

'Tutius est fictis igitur contendere verbis,
Quam pugnare manu.'

'Few men, however, can look fiercer than Robespierre; in countenance he has a striking resemblance to a cat-tiger.

'Marat is likewise a very active member of the general council of the commune. — This Marat is said to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human sacrifices like Moloch, god of the Ammonites.'

And again :

‘ Marat is a little man, of a cadaverous complexion, and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition : to a painter of massacres, Marat’s head would be inestimable. Such heads are rare in this country, yet they are sometimes to be met with at the Old Bailey. The only artifice he uses in favour of his looks, is that of wearing a round hat, so far pulled down before as to hide a great part of his countenance.’

And again :

‘ It is astonishing how he retains their affections, for the only means he uses is, exciting one half to cut the throats of the other ; yet the more people are murdered, the remainder seem to like him the better. This brings to my remembrance a fellow I once saw sewing up the mouths of ferrets ; shocked at the unfeeling manner in which he passed and repassed the needle through the poor little animal’s lips, which were all flowing with blood, I desired him to desist, saying, How can you be so cruel ?

‘ Loard, sir, replied he, it be’en’t cruel ; they likes it.

‘ Likes it !

‘ Aye, that they does, resumed the brute ; and the more I makes them bleed, they likes me the better’

There is nothing, as Dr. Moore well remarks, more surprising in the revolution than the rapidity with which one set of actors, having driven off their predecessors, have themselves been laid aside by the increasing influence of newer favourites, who, in their turn, have given way to others :

‘ So that very possibly those who took so much and such early pains to establish a republic, and who expected, no doubt, to act a principal part in it when established, may, like those who brought on the revolution, and formed the constitution, be supplanted and deprived of power, perhaps of life, by a set of men far inferior to them in talents, but who seem at present to enjoy more of the people’s favour. Thus, through all the stages of this revolution, those who have been the authors of the most important alterations, whether for the better or the worse, have been supplanted by inferior agents ; because, having obtained their object by flattering the people, they then wish the hands of government to be strengthened, the laws to be put in force, and the future exertions of those to be restrained, by whom they obtained their power. But other demagogues start up, who, having no part in the new government, tell the people that many improvements are still needed ; that their new governors, under the pretence of restoring law and order, want to tyrannise over them. — They adopt some favourite prejudice of the people, and offer them some new privilege,

lege, however pernicious, which has been hitherto refused, and so gain their confidence; for, those who promise new favours have a great advantage over those who put men in mind of old ones, and an harangue in praise of licentiousness pleases the multitude more than one which inculcates obedience to law.

‘ Thus the second class of leaders are driven out of power by a third, who, on the same principles, may soon be excluded by a fourth : but le Peuple Souverain retains the power, and, although divided into different parts, like the polypus, every detached portion preserves its activity, and assumes all the faculties and energy of the complete sovereign.’

This volume concludes with the meeting of the convention, and the news of the duke of Brunswic's retreat, and we are taught to expect a second very soon. Our readers will perceive, from the extracts we have given, that the same vein of pleasant dry humour, and shrewd observation, runs through this work, which distinguishes the other publications of this popular author. He writes with invariable good humour; and, like the people among whom he has resided, possesses a fund of gaiety which leads him continually to relieve the mind of his reader by a lively remark or an apposite story. Some, perhaps, will think that a person who enjoyed the advantage of being on the spot during such a busy scene, might have collected more circumstantial information, and others might wish for a more regular and digested narrative; to which we can only say, that during such a constant intercourse as subsisted at that time between the two countries, all the most interesting circumstances became of course immediately known; and that a digested account would have destroyed the ease and sprightliness of a journal. If we may be excused mentioning so trifling a peculiarity, we wish to know on what principle Dr. Moore spells *quai*, *key*? When it first occurred, we thought it an error of the press, as we had apprehended the present system was, rather to conform the pronunciation to the orthography, than the orthography to the pronunciation, especially where a change in the former would confound the word with another of the same sound.

We shall only make one quotation more before we take leave, for the present, of this entertaining work, and that, for the sake of our mere English readers, most of whom imagine that all nuns are young and beautiful, that they have been crossed in love, are shut up against their will, and will certainly leave their confinement the moment the cage door is set open,

‘I went

‘ I went this morning to the convent of Dominican nuns, and had a long conversation at the grate with one of them, an old lady of seventy years of age — She told me she had been forty-three years in this convent ; that during that long period she had lived so free from care, and enjoyed such a degree of content, that she had never wished to change her situation.

‘ As a proof of this assertion, she said, that, “ by a decree of the constituent assembly, when convents were thrown open, those nuns who chose to withdraw were allowed, and permission was at the same time given to those who were of a contrary opinion to remain in the convent—In consequence of which, she and twenty-three other nuns had remained, with no other wish than to be permitted to end their lives there ; but that now they were deprived of that hope, having lately received an order from the present national assembly to leave the convent, which is destined for other purposes ; they were to leave it accordingly within ten days. She complained of this as a great hardship on herself in particular, who had lived so long out of the world that she had forgot how to live in it :—that eight of them had agreed to try to keep house in Calais, by joining their small pensions, and living together ; the rest were to go to their respective relations—She ended by saying that she had great reason to be thankful to God for the happiness and tranquillity she had enjoyed, particularly during the last forty-three years of her life, which, from her own observation while she had lived in the world, and from all she had learnt since, was far greater than the portion usually allotted to mankind ; and that although she had no reason to expect so much felicity for the remainder of her life, she had the comfort to think that the period of her suffering, if she was to experience suffering, would be far shorter than the long course of calm enjoyment which, through the goodness of the Almighty, she had possessed for so many years.”

‘ This nun, in spite of her age and long confinement, seems to enjoy good health and spirits ; her deportment was easy, and her manners polite : — though some part of her narrative will appear singular, it seemed to me devoid of affectation or hypocrisy, and to come from the heart.’

An Address delivered to the Clergy of the Deaneries of Richmond, Catterick, and Boroughbridge, within the Diocese of Chester, at the Visitation held June 9th and June 14th, 1792. By Thomas Zouch, A. M. 4to. 6d. Deighton. 1793.

IT is the professed object of this brief discourse to excite the younger clergy to a regular habit of study, since, exclusive of the singular advantages of literary improvement, such a habit will naturally tend to form their moral character ; to make

them not only good scholars, but, good Christians, and faithful ministers of the Gospel.

After complimenting the bishop of Chester on his endeavours to augment the stipends of the assistant curates in his diocese, and expressing a hope that the complaint of their small and contracted salaries will be *gradually* removed; the author prescribes, in the mean time, an application to study and the duties of their profession, as what will be more than a counterbalance to the want of secular emoluments. Two of the most learned writers of their age, and the best interpreters of the prophetic parts of Scripture, are cited as examples to stimulate their exertions. It is well added by our author, that

‘ The choicest and purest blessings of life are probably to be found in the bosom of privacy and retirement, in those sequestered and tranquil abodes, where religion, virtue, and science, mutually support and adorn each other, where we may experience without alloy, the sweetest of all pleasure, by an habitual progress in the path of useful and elegant literature.’

Another instance of tender regard in the bishop to the improvement of the younger clergy, which commands, says Mr. Zouch, our approbation and applause, is the list he hath published, with the prices annexed, of those books that may prove useful to the theological student. It is added, as a further encomium on this publication, that ‘ no confined, no narrow system is pointed out. The doctrines of our church, says Mr. Zouch, claim a much nobler origin than the assertions of a Calvin or a Luther, even the *authority of the Word of God*. It must surely be of vast consequence to a young man to be rightly informed where he is to apply for the acquirement of that knowledge which will facilitate to him the understanding of the Scriptures; and, perhaps, there never was greater occasion for salutary and prudent directions in this matter than in the present age.’—Whilst we most heartily concur in the last position, we must confess ourselves embarrassed by that which precedes it: for we have ever understood that the two great reformers, who are here placed in a disparaging predicament, made the *Word of God*, and that *only*, the ground-work of the doctrines they asserted. How then, with all due deference to the doctrines of our church, does it appear that they claim a higher, a much nobler origin? Or, if they do, they must supersede the Scriptures themselves. On Mr. Zouch’s principles, then, the younger clergy would be absurdly sent to search the Scriptures for what is better prepared for them in the 39 articles, which have even (to use his own words) the *authority of the Word of God*; and, may we not add? without the ambi-

ambiguities and imperfections with which the writings of the New Testament so evidently abound, and which might, for want of the more effectual help to faith and salvation, above referred to, be liable of themselves to mislead a Christian clergyman. Nor, from the books which the catalogue contains, does it appear that the right reverend compiler was averse to this opinion. — After, however, observing on the dangerous tendency of some late publications, and particularly that which attempted to prove ‘the Inexpediency of Public Worship,’ our author strenuously and laudably recommends the study of the Scriptures themselves.

The biographical sketch of Mr. Daubuz, (which is contained in a note to this address) we have much pleasure in citing, as it does honour both to the subject and the author :

‘ Charles Daubuz, A. M. vicar of Brotherton, near Ferry-bridge in Yorkshire, the learned author of “ A Perpetual Commentary on the Revelation of St. John.”

— Extinctus amabitur. — *Hor.*

‘ Daubuz, or Daubus, (Charles) was born in the province of Guienne in France. His only surviving parent, Julia Daubuz, professing the reformed religion, was driven in 1686 from her native country, by that relentless persecution which preceded the revocation of the edict of Nantes. She, with her family, found an asylum in England, where many of her distressed countrymen were known to enjoy an undisturbed liberty of conscience, and the free exercise of their religion. Charles her son, destined to the ministry from his earliest years, was admitted a sizer of Queen’s College, in the University of Cambridge, Jan. 10, 1689. He obtained his first degree in arts, Jan. 13, 1693, and was appointed librarian of his college, March 21, in the same year. He continued in that appointment to Aug. 10, 1695, when he probably left the University. A few months previous to his taking the degree of A. M. July 2, 1699, he was presented by the dean and chapter of York to the vicarage of Brotherton, a small village near Ferry-bridge, in the West-riding of Yorkshire. This vicarage, of the annual value of sixty or seventy pounds, was all the preferment he ever enjoyed. To support a numerous and infant family, (for at his death he left a widow and eight children, the eldest of whom was not fourteen years old) he was under the necessity of engaging himself in the education of several gentlemen’s sons in the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding his contracted income, he made some additions to the vicarage house.—Three years ago, when part of it was repaired, three golden coins of the reign of Louis XIV. were found in the wall, which were no doubt placed there by Mr. Daubuz. He was a constant resident in his parish

parish until the time of his death. His remains were interred in the church-yard of Brotherton, at the east end of the church. A neat marble slab, erected to his memory, is still extant near the east window in the church, the inscription on which is now almost defaced.

‘ He is said to have been in his person tall and graceful—of a strong and healthy constitution—of a swarthy complexion—wear his own black hair flowing in curls—his voice full of energy, with a most persuasive and impressive delivery of his sermons. He always retained the character of a pious, humble, and benevolent man. His parishoners, who long regretted the loss of their excellent pastor, loved and respected him.

‘ Claude, one of his sons, educated at Catherine-Hall in Cambridge, was honoured with the notice of the family of the Ramfden of Byrom, in the parish of Brotherton. He was for some time vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire; and was afterwards presented by sir George Savile, bart. to a valuable living in Nottinghamshire. He died at Pontefract, Sept. 15, 1760, in the 51st year of his age, and was buried near his father. His memory is held in much estimation at Huddersfield, where he is frequently spoken of as a clergyman of great learning and merit.

‘ Mr. Daubuz, the subject of this paper, always discovered a most ardent attachment to sacred literature. Those intervals of leisure, which his employments afforded him, he devoted to his professional studies. In the privacy of his retirement at Brotherton, unpatronised and unrewarded, with scarce a single smile or favour to exhilarate his labours or to animate his pursuits, he composed the whole of his *Perpetual Commentary on the Revelation of St. John*, with a learned and elaborate preliminary Discourse concerning the principles upon which that revelation is to be understood. Were I inclined to use the embellishments of panegyric, I might expatiate at large upon his singular modesty—his most extensive and strictly accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors—his happy application of that knowledge in elucidating the words of prophecy—his intimate acquaintance with the symbolical character and language of the eastern nations—his temperate and discreet judgment, totally removed from the indulgence of fancy and capricious conjecture.

‘ The following anecdote was communicated to me from the best authority:—when he had finished his *Commentary*, he went to Cambridge to consult Dr. Bentley, the great critic of the age. The doctor, as it is supposed, thinking that Mr. Daubuz would out-shine him in learning and eclipse his glory, *or which is more probable, knowing that works of that kind, however excellent they might be, were little relished in those times*, did not encourage him to publish it. Upon which Mr. Daubuz returned home, wearied

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in body and unhappy in mind, sickened of a pleuritic fever, and died in a few days. The book was published soon after his death.'

Practical Essays on the Management of Pregnancy and Labour; and on the inflammatory and febrile Diseases of Lying-in Women. By John Clarke, M. D. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1793.

AMONG the many evils which tend to degrade medicine in this country, is the practice of writing books on diseases, without even the pretence of adding any thing to the common stock of medical knowledge. A book or pamphlet is now the advertisement of a young practitioner. It carefully announces his name, where he resides, what trophies of the science he is enabled to hang about his name under the display of various extracts from the alphabet, and sometimes, as in the instance before us, it is the trumpet which proclaims to the world, that the author has assumed the professorial chair. Age and experience have of late years been pushed from the seat of eminence in this country by youthful presumption, and beardless teachers have usurped the province of venerable learning. Our hospitals, instead of being as heretofore distinguished by the aid of experience and scientific practitioners, are become the walks of new fledged theorists; and the wretched paupers who seek relief in them, are too frequently, we fear, the victims of ill digested hypotheses, the suffering objects of visionary experiments.

To trace the motives and in some degree the merits of the present work, we have little need to look beyond the Preface which introduces it. We are told at the out-set, that the medical world have been already indebted to Dr. Clarke, for a treatise on another branch of the same subject; that Dr. Clarke, from 'his situation in a public hospital,' (the lying-in house in Store-street) has taken such extensive views of puerperal diseases, that he could not 'in conscience' withhold, what he had collected on that subject, from persons whose opportunities were less remarkable than his own. Even if we allow the doctor to have fulfilled his 'duty' to mankind by the publication alluded to, he is performing merely an expedient act of 'duty' to himself, as we apprehend, by affixing the history of that proceeding to a publication on another topic.

As it appears, however, that many women still die in child-bed, notwithstanding the great diffusion of knowledge from what has been already written, the doctor says, he 'shall not require (we suppose he means offer) any apology for treating the subject on a more extensive scale;' and 'to do this with the

the most *advantage*,' he finds it '*necessary* to comprehend in his plan, some account of the proper management of women in pregnancy and labour.' Here the doctor has ingeniously opened a field for the repetition of that which has been fifty times repeated by others, and shews himself an adept in the science of book-making.

But perhaps the author may have something new to offer on these well known points? by no means. 'I have neither the vanity to believe,' says he, '*nor do I pretend*, that the observations in these Essays are *new*.' Why then, but for the reasons we have hinted, did he publish them?—It is in vain that he deprecates 'the severity of critical censure,' on the plea, that he writes 'for the inexperienced part of the profession;' for how can even the inexperienced be benefited by the repetition of that which they have heard or read before, and may read of and hear any day? How can they profit by purchasing, in the form of Dr. Clarke's book, that which is already in their libraries?

As there is confessedly nothing new in this work, there is consequently nothing which the objects of our Review require us to transcribe; we purpose, however, after a short detail of its contents, to select, as a specimen of the author's manner of considering his subject, his observations on the treatment of suppurations which happen to the breasts of lying-in women. The contents are, the general management of pregnant women, of women in labour, of women after delivery; remarks on the milk fever, on febrile diseases in the puerperal state, on inflammation of the uterus, and ovaria in child-bed; on peritoneal inflammation, on local inflammation connected with inflammatory affection of the system, on the effects of undelivered portions of the placenta, and lastly on the low fever of child-bed, which is sometimes epidemic.

'This complaint (the abscess of the breast) having been by many considered to be a deposition of redundant or hurtful milk, which, if carried back into the constitution, might induce other more violent and dangerous diseases, such as puerperal fever, swelled legs, inflammation of the uterus, and even mania; we are not surprised to find that practical men, misled by such opinions, have been afraid of stopping it in limine. All their intentions have therefore been usually directed to the forwarding of the suppurative process, and giving a free evacuation to the pus, when formed, by making a large opening.'

By the way, we must here remark the author's ingenuity in making what he offers *appear* new, although it be not in reality so, by bringing it in opposition to something that is very old and exploded. The preceding doctrines, we will venture to say,

say, will not be held by any accoucheur now in existence, and much less by any surgeon; nor can we trace them but to an aphorism of Boerhaave, under the head of morbi puerperi, to which we refer the reader.

‘ We have accordingly, continues the author, been advised to use emollient and anodyne fomentations, and poultices to the part inflamed, during the inflammatory state, both to give ease to the patient, and to hasten the formation of matter.

‘ From having had frequent opportunities of observing the effects of this mode of treatment, I have had abundant reason for being dissatisfied with it, and there seems to be no good reason why this inflammation should be allowed to run on to suppuration, if it can be prevented. Much present and future inconvenience will be spared to the woman, if the cure by resolution be attempted at first.

‘ If she should be of a strong constitution, and the febrile symptoms or inflammation be considerable, bleeding from the arm will be necessary, and also evacuation by purging, in order to diminish the quantity of blood, and the strong action of the vessels. To further the same intentions, her food should be purely antiphlogistic.

‘ The next object is to diminish the circulation in the part. Blood should therefore be taken away by the application of three or four leeches, inclosed in a wine glass, till they have fastened on the most inflamed part; which may be allowed to bleed for some time after they have dropped off.

‘ Evacuation, by purging every day, so as to procure two or three stools, besides its advantage on the general principle, is farther useful, as it produces a determination to the intestines, and therefore necessarily draws off the circulation from the breasts.

‘ I have mentioned above that I have objections to the use of fomentations and poultices, and I beg leave to state what they are. In the first place, by their warmth they drive a large quantity of blood to the parts, and in the next, by their relaxant power, they weaken the tone and strength of the parts to such a degree, that if matter should inevitably be formed, which, when it happens, is generally in a large quantity, the abscess is always very difficult of healing, especially if a large opening should be artificially made into it. Instead, therefore, of such applications, it will, I think, be found that much more *utility will arise* from the use of solutions of lead constantly applied cold to the part inflamed, even though it should be the whole of the breast. The advantages of this mode of treatment are several:

‘ 1. The cold repels the blood from the part, which is farther assisted by the astringent quality of the lead, and hence the inflammation is lessened.

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‘ 2. The

' 2. The breast is not weakened, so that if an abscess should be formed, it will be sooner filled up with healthy granulations.

' 3. If the inflammation should be diminished, the woman will suffer less pain; and there will be less affection of the constitution.

' 4. Matter will either be not formed at all, or if formed, it will be in less quantity, which will shorten the duration of the disease.'

Here we have, in the year 1793, a practice recommended as new, which, we will venture to say, is, at least, as old as Goulard's invention of the saturnine extract. The late Mr. Justamond learned, when a pupil to Dr. Didier, to employ a cold solution of ammonia muriata in Hungary water, as a remedy in the milk breast. His account of that disease shews it to have been his regular practice to employ that substance dissolved in a watery menstruum; and the like treatment, it is well known, has been equally familiar with other practitioners.

' If, proceeds the author, there should be much pain, it will be right to employ a sufficient quantity of opium in a saline draught, every six hours, to appease the violence of it.

' If this plan has been undertaken early, and pursued with strictness and punctuality, the inflammation will often be altogether suppressed. But if medical assistance should be called too late to produce a complete resolution, the extent of the suppuration will be very much lessened.

' Let us suppose, however, that the breast should suppurate, and that the fluctuation of the matter can be distinctly felt under the skin, I would still advise that the saturnine lotion should be continued, without intermission, till the abscess points, when, if the pain be not very great, and the skin do not seem likely to be very largely involved in the disease, it may be allowed to break spontaneously; and if the opening should be too small, it may be easily enlarged, by introducing a small piece of sponge tent, with a bit of thread fastened to it, to prevent it from slipping into the cavity, so as to make the orifice as large as the barrel of a small quill.

' But if the pus be very near the surface, and it should seem probable that the skin will give way very largely, or if the pain should be insufferable, then it is better to make a small artificial opening of the size mentioned above, with a lancet, and to discharge a part of the matter, which will give great relief from pain.

' The whole should not be emptied in one day, because then the cavity will be large, and will always fill with great difficulty, and take up a long time. On the contrary, supposing that it

should appear to the surgeon that the abscess contains eight ounces, it is not right to let out more than half an ounce, or at the most an ounce, and then the orifice should be filled with lint or sponge tent till the next day, when it should be taken out, and more discharged. This should be repeated for several days, till the whole is evacuated.

‘By this treatment, the sides of the abscess will contract themselves, independently of granulation, till the cavity would at length not contain a fourth part of the pus which was originally within it. When once the whole has been discharged, it should be kept empty by squeezing the matter thoroughly out at least twice in a day. After some time, the nature of the discharge changes, from being purulent, to a serous, and lastly, to a milky appearance, which proves that the parts have re-assumed an healthy action, and then the orifice will close, even though we might attempt to keep it open.’

Here we must acknowledge we have found something actually new in practice. The surgical reader has here some scope for investigation and enquiry what advantages can possibly result from thus preventing the free escape of the matter. To us it appears chimerical, and we have no doubt but, in nineteen cases out of twenty, it must be impracticable to let out the pus, as the author so ingeniously advises, by ‘half an ounce’ at a time; and unless the Dr. has himself very narrowly watched abscesses of this kind, and been prepared with his plug of ‘sponge tent’ to insert into the opening at its earliest appearance, we will venture to pronounce, that his grand scheme must have been defeated in most instances, by the matter finding a complete outlet. If, after the spontaneous rupture of an abscess, the object be to obliterate its cavity, what are we to expect from confining the fluid? The effect of that can be no other than to prevent the sides of the abscess from coming into contact and consequently from uniting; and thus the cure must of necessity be protracted till new granulations are formed in sufficient quantity to fill up the vacuity entirely.

The author, however, allows, that,

‘There is one, and only one inconvenience, which arises from the mode of treatment advised above, which is that of a second orifice being formed at the bottom of the breast, in consequence of the pressure of the matter downwards. But this seldom gives much pain to the patient, or trouble to the surgeon, as it commonly heals very soon.’

This is no great encouragement, even according to Dr. Clarke’s own account, to induce us to prefer this very fanciful
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practice.—We shall take our leave of the subject and of the work which includes it, by observing, that what is of any value in it few medical men are strangers to, and what has the air of being new, is without merit.

Sins of Government, Sins of the Nation; or, a Discourse for the Fast, appointed on April 19, 1793. By a Volunteer. 8vo. 1s. Johnson. 1793.

OUR rulers, when they appointed a day for a general fast, did not probably foresee that the ingenuity of their adversaries would embrace the opportunity of turning their own weapons against themselves, and counteracting the pious exhortations of the loyal clergy by keen and sarcastic animadversions upon the present war and its authors. We are a little apprehensive, indeed, that Mr. Fox's discourse on national fasts, and that now before us, will have a more extensive circulation than most of the sermons on that occasion; and, in fact, there is one advantage which, we must acknowledge they possess over those on the side of ministry, viz. that an *exhortation to peace* comes with rather more decorum from a *Christian* pulpit, than a fervid declamation in favour of war.

We must do the author of the present discourse the justice to say, that it is written with politeness and moderation; we must add, that it is in a very superior style of eloquence; it contains much originality of thought, embellished with almost all the graces of language that English literature can boast. Of the truth of this observation a few specimens will sufficiently convince our readers.

‘ Societies being composed of individuals, the faults of societies proceed from the same bad passions, the same pride, selfishness and thirst of gain, by which individuals are led to transgress the rules of duty; they require therefore the same curb to restrain them, and hence the necessity of a national religion. * * * * By national religion I understand, the extending to those affairs in which we act in common and as a body, that regard to religion, by which, when we act singly, we all profess to be guided. Nothing seems more obvious; and yet there are men who appear not insensible to the rules of morality as they respect individuals, and who unaccountably disclaim them with respect to nations. They will not cheat their opposite neighbour, but they will take a pride in over-reaching a neighbouring state; they would scorn to foment dissensions in the family of an acquaintance, but they will

do so by a community without scruple ; they would not join with a gang of housebreakers to plunder a private dwelling, but they have no principle which prevents them from joining with a confederacy of princes to plunder a province. As private individuals, they think it right to pass by little injuries, but as a people they think they cannot carry too high a principle of proud defiance and sanguinary revenge. This sufficiently shews, that whatever rule they may acknowledge for their private conduct, they have nothing that can be properly called *national religion* ; and indeed, it is very much to be suspected, that their religion in the former case, is very much assisted by the contemplation of those pains and penalties which society has provided against the crimes of individuals. But the united will of a whole people cannot make wrong right, or sanction one act of rapacity, injustice, or breach of faith. The first principle, therefore, we must lay down, is, that we are to submit our public conduct to the same rules by which we are to regulate our private actions : a nation that does this, is, as a nation, religious ; a nation that does it not, though it should fast, and pray, and wear sackcloth, and pay tithes, and build churches, is as a nation profligate and unprincipled.'

On this principle our author proceeds to investigate the most prominent vices of the British nation ; and among a number of pertinent observations we find the following judicious and well-founded caution :

' *Extravagance* is a fault, to which nations, as well as private persons, are very prone, and the consequences to both are exactly similar. If a private man lives beyond his income, the consequence will be loss of independence, disgraceful perplexity, and in the end certain ruin. The catastrophes of states are slower in ripening, but like causes must in the end produce like effects.—If you are acquainted with any individual, who, from inattention to his affairs, misplaced confidence, foolish law-suits, anticipation of his rents and profusions in his family expences, has involved himself in debts that eat away his income, what would you say to such a one ? Would you not tell him, contract your expences ; look yourself into your affairs ; insist upon exact accounts from your steward and bailiffs ; keep no servants for mere show and parade ; mind only your own affairs, and keep at peace with your neighbours ; set religiously apart an annual sum for discharging the mortgages on your estate.—If this be good advice for one man, it is good advice for nine millions of men.—If this individual should persist in his course of unthrifty profusion, saying to himself, the ruin will not come in my time ; the misery will not fall upon me ; let posterity take care of itself ! would you not pronounce him at once
very

ery weak and very selfish? My friends, a *nation* that should pursue the same conduct, would be equally reprehensible.'

The following passage is extremely animated and forcible :

' Amongst our national faults, have we any instances of *cruelty* or *oppression* to repent of? Can we look round from sea to sea, and from east to west, and say, *that our brother hath not aught against us?* If such instances do not exist under our immediate eye, do they exist any where under our influence and jurisdiction? There are some, whose nerves, rather than whose principles, cannot bear cruelty—like other nuisances, they would not chuse it in sight, but they can be well content to know it exists, and that they are indebted for it to the increase of their income, and the luxuries of their table. Are there not some *darker-coloured* children of the same family, over whom we assume a hard and unjust controul? And have not these our brethren *aught against us?* If we *suspect* they have, would it not become us anxiously to inquire into the truth, that we may deliver our souls; but if we know it, and cannot help knowing it, if such enormities have been pressed and forced upon our notice, till they are become flat and stale in the public ear, from fulness and repetition, and satiety of proof; and if they are still sanctioned by our legislature, defended by our princes—deep indeed is the colour of our guilt. — And do we appoint fasts, and make pretences to religion? Do we pretend to be shocked at the principles or the practices of neighbouring nations, and start with affected horror at the name of Atheist? Are our consciences so tender, and our hearts so hard? Is it possible we should meet as a nation, and, knowing ourselves to be guilty of these things, have the confidence to implore the blessing of God upon our commerce and our colonies? preface with prayer our legislative meetings, and then deliberate *how long* we shall continue human sacrifices? Rather let us

' Never pray more, abandon all remorse.'

Let us lay aside the grimace of hypocrisy, stand up for what we are, and boldly profess, like the emperor of old, that every thing is sweet from which money is extracted, and that we know better than to deprive ourselves of a gain for the sake of a fellow-creature.'

But of all that has been written on the subject of war, we do not remember to have met with any thing more striking than the following reflections :

' When the workings of these bad passions are swelled to their height by mutual animosity and opposition, *war* ensues. War is

a state in which all our feelings and our duties suffer a total and strange inversion; a state, in which

‘Life dies, Death lives, and Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things.’

A state in which it becomes our business to hurt and annoy our neighbour by every possible means; instead of cultivating, to destroy; instead of building, to pull down; instead of peopling, to depopulate; a state in which we drink the tears, and feed upon the misery of our fellow-creatures; such a state, therefore, requires the extremest necessity to justify it; it ought not to be the common and usual state of society. As both parties *cannot* be in the right, there is always an equal chance, at least, to either of them, of being in the wrong; but as both parties *may* be to blame, and most commonly are, the chance is very great indeed against its being entered into from any adequate cause; yet war may be said to be, with regard to nations, the sin which most easily befalls them. We, my friends, in common with other nations, have much guilt to repent of from this cause, and it ought to make a large part of our humiliations on this day. When we carry our eyes back through the long records of our history, we see wars of plunder, wars of conquest, wars of religion, wars of pride, wars of succession, wars of idle speculation, wars of unjust interference, and hardly among them one war of necessary self-defence in any of our essential or very important interests. Of late years, indeed, we have known none of the calamities of war in our own country but the wasteful expence of it; and sitting aloof from those circumstances of personal provocation, which in some measure might excuse its fury, we have calmly voted slaughter and merchandised destruction—so much blood and tears for so many rupees, or dollars, or ingots. Our wars have been wars of cool calculating interest, as free from hatred as from love of mankind; the passions which stir the blood have had no share in them. We devote a certain number of men to perish on land and sea, and the rest of us sleep sound, and, protected in our usual occupations, talk of the events of war as what diversifies the flat uniformity of life.

‘We should, therefore, do well to *translate* this word war into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and our navy estimates, let us set down—so much for killing, so much for maiming, so much for making widows and orphans, so much for bringing famine upon a district, so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors, so much for ruining industrious tradesmen and making bankrupts, (of that species of distress at least, we *can* form an idea,) so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of cultivated society, and giving to the brutal ferocity of the most ferocious, its full scope and range of invention. We shall by this means know
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what we have paid our money for, whether we have made a good bargain, and whether the account is likely to pass—elsewhere. We must take in too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself, *pars minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying in the bed of honour, the subject of picture and of song, but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue; pale, emaciated, crawling to an hospital with the prospect of life, perhaps a long life, blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her; no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings; the long day passes and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learnt whether he ever had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine, called a Regiment. We must take in the long sickness which no glory soothes, occasioned by distress of mind, anxiety, and ruined fortunes.—These are not fancy-pictures, and if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves. We must take in the consequences, felt perhaps for ages, before a country which has been completely desolated, lifts its head again; like a torrent of lava, its worst mischief is not the first overwhelming ruin of towns and palaces, but the long sterility to which it condemns the track it has covered with its stream. Add the danger to regular governments which are changed by war, sometimes to anarchy, and sometimes to despotism. Add all these, and then let us think when a general performing these exploits, is saluted with, “well done, good and faithful servant,” whether the plaudit is likely to be echoed in another place.’

We have assigned a larger portion of our Review to this performance than we usually allot to similar publications.—The intrinsic merit of the composition, and the importance and beauty of the extracts, must be our apology to our readers.

The Dramatist: or Stop him who Can! a Comedy. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1793.

WITH VAPID, the hero of this piece, we may say—*‘here is incident!’* and we may safely add, incident highly humorous, interesting, and new. We wish we could, with equal confidence, join this dramatist in saying, *‘the denouement is complete;’* but this declaration, pleased as we are with Mr. Reynolds’ ingenious performance, candour obliges us to withhold. We shall, however, freely confess, that in the

perusal of this comedy, we have discovered considerable genius, much original humour, and many happy and genuine strokes of wit. The characters, in general, are ably drawn, and well supported; notwithstanding the poverty of plot and catastrophe, many of the scenes evince the author to be a man of no inferior fancy and invention. We shall, for the information of our readers, give a short abstract of this entertaining performance, by which they will be enabled to form some opinion of a dramatic piece, which in representation met with a considerable share of public approbation.

Lord Scratch, a weak new created peer, vain of his title, and fond of being listened to without interruption, is guardian to Louisa Courtney, and uncle to Harry Neville and Florville, the former of whom is the lover of Louisa. Lady Waitfort, a designing, unprincipled, abandoned woman, with the view of mending a ruined fortune and cracked reputation, lays herself out to catch his lordship, who, conceiving her to be a paragon of virtue, determines to marry her and follow her to Bath, where the scene of the piece is laid. Displeased with his elder nephew for not humouring his aristocratic prerogative of uninterrupted speech, lord Scratch withdraws his patronage; and encouraged by the arts of lady Waitfor't, who wishes to retain Neville for her paramour after marriage, determines to prevent his union with Louisa by marrying her immediately to *Ennui*, a miserable mortal, whose sole object is the killing of time; and whose only merit with his lordship is the certainty of future acquiescence to his will in parliament; or, (to use his lordship's words) 'to be led quietly to the right side—to sleep during the debate—give a nod for his vote, and in every respect to move like a mandarin at command.' On the other hand, lady Waitfor't (for what reason does not appear) determines that Willoughby shall have Louisa, for which purpose she gives him an opportunity of carrying her off by night; and the more effectually to reconcile his lordship to the circumstance, endeavours to remove his predilection for *Ennui*, by representing him as an admirer and writer of plays, for which and every thing connected with the stage, his lordship has an invincible hatred.

Vapid, an enthusiastic dramatic poet, whose sole object is to collect from conduct and conversation, materials for theatrical incident, comes to Bath to study character, and at a ball dances with Marianne, niece to lady Waitfor't, for whom he conceives a strong affection. Neville having received an assignation in writing, without an address, from lady Waitfort, to meet her at six in the evening, persuades Vapid that it is intended for him. On his repairing to lady Waitfort's house,
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the following very humourous scene will give no bad proof of the author's abilities in delineating character.

Enter Vapid, and a Servant.

* *Servant.* Sir, my lady will wait on you immediately.

* *Vapid.* Hark'ye, fir,—Is this young lady of your's very handsome?

* *Servant.* Sir.

* *Vapid.* Is your young mistress, fir, very handsome?

* *Servant.* Yes, fir—my young mistress is thought a perfect beauty.

* *Vapid.* Charming! what age do you reckon her.

* *Servant.* About twenty, fir.

* *Vapid.* The right interesting age! and fond of the drama I suppose?

* *Servant.* Sir!

* *Vapid.* Very fond of plays I presume.

* *Servant.* Yes, fir, very fond of plays or any thing relating to them.

* *Vapid.* Delightful! now I am the happiest dog alive: yes, yes, Vapid! let the town damn your plays, the women will never desert you, (*sits himself*) you need'nt stay, fir (*Servant exit*) that's a good sign, that fellow is'nt us'd to this kind of business—so much the better—practice is the destruction of love—yes, I shall indulge a beautiful woman,—gratify myself, and perhaps get the last scene for my unfinished comedy.

Enter lady Waitfor't.

* *Lady.* Sir, your most obedient.

* *Vapid.* Ma'am, (*bowing*)

* *Lady.* Pray keep your seat, fir—I beg I may'nt disturb you.

* *Vapid.* By no means, ma'am—give me leave—(*both sit*) who the devil have we here. [*Aside.*]

* *Lady.* I am told, fir, you have business for lady Waitfor't.

* *Vapid.* Yes, ma'am—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

* *Lady.* Oh, fir!

* *Vapid.* Yes—I am no stranger to her charms,—sweet young creature!

* *Lady.* Nay, dear fir, not so very young.

* *Vapid.* Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

* *Lady.* Has she, fir?—what may it be?

* *Vapid.* Her passion for the stage.

* *Lady.* Sir!

* *Vapid.* Yes, her passion for the stage! that in my mind makes her the first of the sex.

* *Lady.*

* *Lady.* Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

* *Vapid.* Yes, yes, she has.

* *Lady.* But I protest she has not.

* *Vapid.* But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

* *Lady.* Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

* *Vapid.* Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promise it shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I—know—

* *Lady.* Well!—what do you know?

* *Vapid.* I know a certain dramatic author with whom she — he had a letter from her this morning.

* *Lady.* What!

* *Vapid.* Yes,—an assignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed.

* *Lady.* Amazement!

* *Vapid.* (*Whispering her.*) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in less than half an hour.

* *Lady.* (*rising.*) Sir,—do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

* *Vapid.* No,—how the devil should I?

* *Lady.* Then know, I am lady Waitfor't.

* *Vapid.* You, lady Waitfor't!

* *Lady.* Yes, sir—the only lady Waitfor't!

* *Vapid.* Mercy on me :—here's incident!

* *Lady.* Yes,—and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville—speak, is he not your friend?

* *Vapid.* Yes, ma'am :—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivoque!

* *Lady.* This is some trick, some stratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

* *Vapid.* Gave the letter! gad that's great,—pray ma'am give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

* *Lady.* Yes, sir—to confess the truth I did—but from motives—

* *Vapid.* Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now let me be clear—first you send him a letter; is it not so? yes,—then he gives it to me—very well: then I come, (supposing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclairsissement! Oh, it's glorious!—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

* *Lady.* Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure such repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good one's.

* *Vapid.*

Vapid. Bravo ! encore, encore—it is the very best sentiment I ever heard—say it again, pray say it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified one day or other with seeing the whole on the stage.—“ The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.”
(*Taking it down in his common place book.*)

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne — if my lord too should discover him (*Vapid sits and takes notes*) here, the consequences might be dreadful, and the scheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I desire you'll quit my house immediately—Oh ! I'll be revenged I'm determined. [Exit.

Vapid solus.

What a great exit ! very well !—I've got an incident however—Faith ! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers : but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh ! it's a great thing to be a dramatic genius !—a very great thing indeed ! [As he is going

Enter Lord Scratch.

Vapid. Sir, your most devoted.—How d'ye do ?

Lord. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, fir !—but for my part I hate summer, and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are shut, and when I pass by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that were wont to instruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way.

Lord. Sir.

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the stage—if you do,—hark'ye—there is a capital character in this house for a farce.

Lord. Why ! what is all this—who are you ?

Vapid. Who am I ?—here's a question ! in these times who can tell who he is ?—for ought I know I may be great uncle to yourself, or first cousin to lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—since you're so very inquisitive, do you know who you are ?

Lord. Look'ye, fir, I am lord Scratch.

Vapid. A peer ! psha ! contemptible ;—when I ask a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles and such nonsense ; no, old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true son of the drama.—Hark'ye, don't make yourself uneasy on my account—in my next pantomime perhaps I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch.

[Exit.

Lord. Astonishing ! can this be lady Waitfort's house—
“ Very warm tragedy weather, fir !” “ In my next pantomime let

let you know who I am"—Gad I must go and investigate the matter immediately, and if she has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole business before parliament, make a speech ten hours long, reduce the price of opium, and set the nation in a lethargy. *Exit.*

Willoughby, exact to the appointed hour, meets Louisa, who by this time is convinced of lady Waitfort's treachery, and of Neville's innocence. A very spirited scene ensues. She at last escapes the snare laid for her by the sudden entrance of young Florville, just returned from Italy; who after having disarmed Willoughby, conveys her to the house of Neville, whom he has not yet seen since his arrival. As they enter, Vapid who had also gone thither with a favourite epilogue which he had finished all to half a line, is concealed by Neville's servant in a china closet, where he in vain labours to render this choice morceau complete. In the interim lady Waitfort, anxious to see Neville, comes to his lodgings; and Willoughby, disappointed in his attempt on Louisa, and exasperated at lady Waitfort's abuse, writes to lord Scratch a full account of her infamous conduct, as a proof of which he advises him of her intended interview with *a person* at Neville's lodgings, to which place his lordship likewise repairs, fully persuaded in his mind that this person can be no other than Vapid, for whom he entertains the most inveterate antipathy.

As the meeting of this groupe at Neville's produces the principal effect in this drama, and tends to develop the character of Florville, which is drawn with peculiar excellence, we shall conclude our extracts with the following admirable scene:

* *Flor.* So, now the storm begins, and if I don't have some sport with the enemy—(*sits at table, and begins drinking*)—Here she comes!—

Enter lady Waitfort.

* *Flor.* Chairs, Peter, chairs!—sit down, ma'am—sit down—you honour me exceedingly.

* *Lady.* Where is your brother, sir?—I insist on seeing him.

Enter lord Scratch.

* *Lord.* There she is!—in a man's lodgings at midnight!—here's treatment!

* *Lady.* My lord, I came here in search of Louisa, who has been betrayed from my pow'r.

* *Lord.* Look'ye, my lady—read that letter, that's all, read that letter, and then say if we sha'nt both cut a figure in the print-shops.

* *Lady.*

‘ *Lady.* (taking the letter) Ha! Willoughby's hand! (reads) “Lady Waitfor't” (I have only time to tell you) “is gone to Neville's lodgings to meet one she has long had a passion for—follow her, and be convinced of her duplicity.” Oh! the villain!—well, my lord, and pray who is the man I come to meet?

‘ *Lord.* Why who should it be, but the stage ruffian; if there was a sofa in the room, my life on't, he'd pop from behind it—zounds that fellow will lay straw before my door every nine months!

‘ *Lady.* This is fortunate (*aside*)—well, sir, if I discover Louisa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not disgrace myself. Tell me, sir, immediately, where she is concealed? (*to Floriville.*)

‘ *Flor.* Sit down, ma'am,—sit down: drink—drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing business without wine—come, here's—“The glory of gallantry”—I'm sure you'll both drink that.

‘ *Lady.* No trifling, sir,—tell me where she is concealed? nay, then I'll examine the apartment myself—(*goes to the door of the library*)—the door lock'd! give me the key, sir.—

‘ *Flor.* (*drinking*) The glory of gallantry, ma'am.

‘ *Lord.* Hear me, sir; if the lady is in that apartment, I shall be convinced that you, and your brother, are the sole authors of all this treachery—if she is there! by the honour of my ancestors she shall be Willoughby's wife to morrow morning.

‘ *Flor.* (*rising*) Shall she, my lord, pray were you ever in Italy?

‘ *Lord.* Why? Coxcomb!

‘ *Flor.* Because I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuse me—but the symptoms are wonderfully alarming—there is a blazing fury in your eye—a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green spot—

‘ *Lord.* Damn the green spot!—open that door, and let me see immediately: I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing.

‘ *Flor.* (*standing before the door.*) No, sir, this door must not be open'd.

‘ *Lord.* Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my sword.

‘ *Flor.* (*to lady Waitfor't, who is going to interfere*) Don't be alarmed, ma'am,—I'll only indulge him for my own amusement—mere trout fishing, ma'am—come, my lord, I'll give you a specimen of foreign gladiatorship, and you shall confess that Floriville is the best fencer in Europe—don't be alarm'd, ma'am—come on.

Louisa comes from the apartment.

‘ *Louisa.* Hold! I charge you hold! let not my unhappy fate be the source of more calamities!

‘ *Lord.*

* *Lord.* 'Tis she herself!—my lady did not come to meet the madman?

* *Flor.* By the lord, ma'am, you've ruined all.

* *Louisa.* I know, sir, the consequences of this discovery, and I abide by them—but what I have done I can justify, and, would to heaven! all here could do the same.

* *Flor.* Indeed I can't tell—I wish I was in Italy.

* *Lord.* Mark me, madam,—nay tears are in vain—to-morrow shall make you the wife of Willoughby, and he shall answer for your follies—no reply, sir—*(to Flori-ville, who is going to speak)* I wouldn't hear the chancellor.

* *Lady.* Now, who is to blame? Oh! virtue is ever sure to meet its reward!—come to meet a mad poet indeed! My lord, I forgive you only on condition of your signing a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louisa to Willoughby at the same time.

* *Lord.* I will, thou best of women!—draw it up immediately—and Neville shall starve for his treachery. [*Lady Waitfor't goes to the table and writes.*]

Louisa falling at his feet.

* *Louisa.* Hear me, sir; not for myself, but a wrong'd friend, I speak—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour! he is innocent:—if that lady's wrongs must be avenged, confine the punishment to me—I'll bear it; with patience bear it!

* *Lord.* Let go!—let go I say—my gorge is rising again—lady Waitfor't, make haste with the contract.

* *Lady.* It only wants the signature,—now, my lord.

* *Flor.* Look'ye, uncle—she's the cause of all this mischief, and if you are not lost—

* *Lord.* Out of my way,—O'd—noise and nonsense!—don't fancy yourselves in the house of commons! we're not speaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll sign directly, and now—*[As he is going to sign, Vapid breaks China in the closet, and rushes out, with the epilogue in his hand.]*

* *Vapid.* Die all! die nobly; die like demigods!—huzza! huzza! 'tis done! 'tis past! 'tis perfect!

* *Flor.* Huzza!—the poet at last? Stop him who can?

* *Lady.* Confusion! tell me, sir, immediately, what do you mean by this new insult.

* *Vapid.* Die all! die nobly! die like demigods!—oh! it's glorious!—ah! Old Scratch, are you there? joy! joy! give me joy!—I've done your business—the work's past?—the labour's o'er, my boy!—think of that, master Brook—think of that.

* *Lady.* My lord, I am vilely treated—I desire you'll insist on an explanation.

‘ *Flor.* He can’t speak, ma’am. (*All this time, my lord is slowly walking away.*)

‘ *Lady.* How ! are you going to leave me, my lord ? (*Vapid taking out his common place book.*)

‘ *Vapid.* Faith ! this mus’n’t be lost—here’s something worth observing.

‘ *Flor.* Don’t stop him, ma’am—there is a grandeur in silent grief that should ever be indulged—mark his countenance—in every furrow of his angry brow is written “Frailty, thy name is woman”—let him have his way—let him have his way,—see ! how solemnly he retires !

[*Lord Scratch exit.*

‘ *Lady.* Oh !—I shall burst with rage !—Mr. Vapid I desire you’ll explain how you came in that closet ?—why don’t your answer me, sir ?

‘ *Vapid.* Your pardon, ma’am I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I’am afraid.

‘ *Lady.* What are you afraid of, sir ?

‘ *Vapid.* That it has been dramatized before,—it is certainly not a new case.

‘ *Lady.* Insupportable !—but I take my leave of you all—I abandon you for ever—I !—oh !—I shall go wild.

[*Exit in a rage.*]

This, together with Neville’s discovering the real state of Louisa’s sentiments, is the whole plot of the piece, and certainly is a very lame one. What brings about the catastrophe, is in fact an opinion founded on misconception and error ; for lady Waitfor’t (infamous as she is) was innocent of the supposed crime which induced his lordship to abandon her, namely, an interview with *Vapid* at Neville’s lodgings. The denouement (if it deserves the name) is likewise extremely unsatisfactory. Lord Scratch is just, merely because Florville is generous, and becomes instantly reconciled to Neville and to his union with Louisa, without any cause whatever intervening to produce so sudden a change. We have already given such proofs of the author’s ingenuity and imagination, that no doubt can remain either of his judgment or invention ; and we have received so much pleasure in the perusal of his Dramatist, that we are not only astonished, but concerned at the defect and impotency of the conclusion—but as human abilities, however great, are still blended with imperfections, perhaps the following remark which the author puts in the mouth of Vapid, may with propriety apply to himself—

‘ Why, I am serious—and I’ll tell you, lady Waitfor’t—’tis the last line of an épilogue, and the last scene of a comedy, that always distracts me—’tis the reconciliations of lovers—there’s the difficulty !’

The

The principal characters in this play are Vapid and Floriville, which, although eccentric and perhaps outré, are nevertheless happily conceived and well supported. Louisa is rather an insipid character, and Marianne is little superior. The language throughout is elegant and correct, and the Dialogue extremely spirited. A Prologue written by Mr. Merry, and an Epilogue by Mr. Andrews, are, in our opinion, very inferior to what the piece merits.

Surgical and Physiological Essays. By John Abernethy. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards. J. Evans. 1793.

THE first of these Essays treats on the subject of lumbar abscess, and the second on the composition and analysis of animal matter. We think the first highly deserving of the attention of surgeons, as it proposes a new kind of treatment for a disease pretty uniformly fatal.

Mr. Abernethy, reasoning on the effects which, in a case of psoas abscess in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, succeeded the evacuation of the matter by means of a caustic, determined to try the effect of a small puncture so contrived as to evacuate the fluid without giving access to the air. This he at first performed by means of a trocar, but a repetition of the experiment led him to prefer an opening with a common lancet, first introduced a little way upwards between the skin and the tumour, and afterwards directed in such a manner as to enter its cavity. In effecting a speedy union of the punctured part on which the success of the experiment depended, Mr. Abernethy met with greater interruption than might have been expected. The cure, in these cases, he supposes to arise from a gradual diminution or shrinking of the cyst, which, notwithstanding the reaccumulation of the fluid, is prevented from becoming distended to its original size, by making repeated openings and closing them with the same caution as at first. By this management the cyst is at length obliterated, and the disease is reduced to a mere collection of pus beneath the fascia of the thigh, the cure of which is afterwards obtained by the introduction of a seton. During this time the mischiefs that usually arise in the patient's constitution are avoided in consequence of the cysts not being affected with inflammation, as it must be if freely exposed either by artificial or natural means.

As this improvement in the mode of treating lumbar abscess seems principally to hinge on the exclusion of the external air, we will present our readers with Mr. Abernethy's reasoning on that subject.

Our first enquiry will therefore be, to what cause we ought to attri-

attribute this local inflammation. Surgeons formerly were accustomed to ascribe it almost entirely to the admitted air, which they supposed to act by powerfully stimulating the cyst of the abscess; and also by producing putrefaction of the contained pus. This putrifying matter was also supposed to act in a twofold manner; first, by irritating and aggravating the inflammation of the contiguous parts; secondly, by being absorbed and conveyed into the circulating vessels, where by its stimulus it occasioned the fever concomitant to the complaint.

These, I believe, are the principal opinions that have been maintained: I wish now to enquire into their truth or fallacy. First, then, is the admitted air capable of so greatly stimulating the cyst of an abscess? and here our enquiry becomes extended: the question may be stated—Does the air admitted into the different cavities of the body cause that inflammation which ensues when they are laid open? or ought we rather to attribute it to the irritation produced by the inflicted wound? Surgeons were formerly inclined to impute very mischievous effects to the entrance of air into cavities: they seem to have imagined it possessed of very deleterious powers. This opinion appears strange, since it is very little stimulating to the animal fibre; and that it does not particularly irritate the membranes of the body, common observation and experimental enquiry have evinced. Air is admitted into the cellular substance in *Ephysema*, in which, however, it produces no inflammation. Mr. Ashley Cooper permits me to mention the result of experiments which he made, in order to determine how far the air was stimulating.—He inflated the abdomen, thorax, and cellular substance of dogs, and immediately closed the aperture through which the air was impelled; the wounds healed by the first intention; the air was absorbed from the cavities, but no inflammation was excited.

The circumstances, however, are different when the opening is permanent; a constant renewal of air is permitted; and the application of a matter so unusual to these surfaces I am inclined to believe does harm. Whenever the integrity of the cyst is destroyed, though by spontaneous ulceration, or by means productive of the least possible irritation, still much inflammation frequently ensues; for where ulceration of the cyst takes place, little, if any, inflammation is perceptible, until the discharge of the pus has happened:—and when a caustic has been applied to the *tunica vaginalis testis*, for the cure of the hydrocele, though that membrane has suffered all that it can do from irritation, yet, the severity of the symptoms is always greatly aggravated when the sloughy tunic has ruptured. Whether the unsupported and collapsed state of the cyst is the cause exciting inflammation,—whether this action is occasioned by the sensation of imperfection in the part,—or whether it is owing to the irritation of the admitted air, may be

left as matter of opinion ; I am only solicitous to state, that an inflammation appears to me to take place, independent of the local stimulus of the wound.'

The author next proceeds to discuss the opinion, 'whether the admitted air may not do injury by inducing putrefaction of the pus?' but the limits of our Review will not allow us to follow him in this enquiry.

The concluding Essay, on the subject of animal matter, is not of equal importance with the preceding, although it is not unpossessed of merit and ingenuity. The author's experiments merely go to confirm the doctrine of Mr. Boyle, that all matter is the same, and that every being in nature consists of an original and similar substance, differing in no respect but its modification.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE. P O L I T I C A L.

A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis; or, a serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham. By a Member of the Established Church. Second Edition. 8vo. 1s. Dilly. 1792.

THE date of this Letter is in May 1792, and the copy under our consideration is one of a second impression, published to accommodate those who were desirous to become purchasers of the first, although the occasion, which originally prompted the undertaking, had ceased. It seems, that a body of gentlemen in Birmingham, who approve of the French revolution, had formed a determination to hold a public meeting on the succeeding 14th of July, notwithstanding the dreadful consequences which attended their assembling on that occasion in the preceding year. This Letter was written with a view of dissuading them from so hazardous a measure, and there can be no doubt but the extraordinary good sense, the manly and conclusive argument, the candid and Christian reasoning every where conspicuous in this very masterly address, had a principal share in putting a stop to the intended meeting. It is not possible to do sufficient justice to the author by an extract, since the whole of the work is, with some very few exceptions, equally good; and, if we may credit his assertion, that it is the labour only of a *single day*, we cannot but consider it as an astonishing effort of a great mind. Not to leave our readers wholly ungratified, however, we will select a few paragraphs, which are more immediately on the subject of the proposed meeting.

'It may be said, that you are not forbidden to meet by the laws of the land, and therefore, that your meeting is irreproachable—

I ad-

I admit the fact, but deny the consequence. A good man, doubtless, will *not* do *any* thing which the laws interdict. But will he therefore *do every* thing which the laws have not interdicted? Will he not consider that there is a *spirit*, as well as a letter, even in human laws? Will he, without discrimination and without restriction, infer the *tacit approbation* of persons who frame, or persons who administer laws, from the mere absence of *direct* and *specific* prohibition? Will he forget, that an external action may sometimes be accompanied by motives and effects, which, if the law-giver had foreseen them, would have met with the most pointed reprobation? Instead of *rejoicing* that penalties are *not* instituted of *such* a kind as to become equally *snarcs to the harmless*, and checks upon the froward, will he convert the caution or the *lenity* of the law-giver into an *occasion* of disturbing that order, the preservation of which is the supreme and avowed object of law itself? Will he lose sight of the judicious and temperate distinction which the apostle has established between “things lawful and things not expedient?” Will he not remember that, as a social and a moral being, he is under the controul of obligations *more* powerful and more sacred than the best institutions of the best government? If, indeed, we examine the aggregate of those duties in which our virtue consists, and of those causes by which our well-being is promoted, small is the share, which must be assigned to the efficacy of public regulations enforced by the sanctions of public authority. The soft manners of civilised life, the useful offices of good neighbourhood, the sweet charities of domestic relation, are all independent of human laws. Such are the opinions which we hold, and have a right to propagate, upon abstract questions of politics. Such are the tenets we may adopt, and are warranted to defend, upon the foundations of virtue and the evidences of religion. Such are our attachments or antipathies to public men;—such, our approbation or disapprobation of public measures. Such are our sentiments upon the nice gradations of decorum and propriety—Such are our principles in estimating the mass of merit or demerit, which determines the character of individuals. Upon all these subjects, human laws hold out to us little light, they impose upon us few restraints, and yet, upon right apprehensions of these subjects, and upon the conformity of our actions to these apprehensions, depend our comfort, our reputation, our most precious interests in this world, and our dearest hopes in that which is to come.

‘ There is not any one action, and scarcely is there any one thought, affecting or *tending* to affect the happiness of mankind, upon which any one human being is *entirely* and strictly a law unto himself. There is a law of *opinion*, which *no* good man will presume to treat with irreverence, because *every* good man is anxious to avoid the contempt, and to deserve the regard of his fellow-creatures. There is a law of discretion mingled with justice,

which every good citizen is careful to observe, lest he should interrupt the tranquillity, or encroach upon the equitable rights of his fellow-citizens—There is a law of religion, which forbids us to insult the errors, or even to wound the prejudices, of our fellow-christians.

‘ You, gentlemen, understand not less clearly than myself, the existence of such laws: you will acknowledge their importance not less sincerely; and you will admit that the perverse or wanton violation of them cannot be extenuated before man—cannot be justified before God, by the plea—yes, I must call it, the *futile and fallacious* plea, that we are acting under circumstances, where human wisdom is too dim, and human authority too feeble, to controul our actions.’

We think this Letter a master-piece of good composition, and an example worthy the attention of all writers on controversial topics, since it evinces the irresistible strength which sound argument derives from moderation and temper in the manner of enforcing it.

Reason urged against Precedent, in a Letter to the People of Derby.

By Henry Yorke. 8vo. 1s. Eaton. 1793.

Mr. Yorke is of the intemperate class of patriots. There is much more of rashness than of true spirit in his Letter, which we think more calculated to alarm than to obtain proselytes to his opinions in favour of freedom. The most fatal impediments to liberty in these days have arisen from violent doctrines and violent measures.

We cannot trace in the perusal of this work any thing which will appear new to those who are familiar with the writings of Mr. Paine. The author confesses he was once the advocate of despotism; we wish, although ‘ no principles of ambition or party, which too frequently precipitate men into rash and hasty decisions, have influenced’ him, that he may not have fallen into the opposite extreme.

We shall content ourselves with presenting the reader with the following short extract from the concluding pages. The author, pointing his argument against the proclamation, says:

‘ That government must indeed be bad, which always suspects the fidelity of the governed, and considers its most loyal subjects as its bitterest enemies. Sedition is to ministers, what heresy is to priests.—But a just and moderate government has nothing to fear from what is called sedition. It is oppression alone that ferments the public mind, and animates men to conspire the overthrow of a rotten government, a wicked minister, or a despotic king.

‘ In compassion to ministerial folly and obstinacy, it cannot be too often held out to them, that it is *impossible* for proclamations,
pro-

prosecutions, associations, pillories, and dungeons of state, to stop the rapid progress of popular opinion. By an electric and general resurrection of reason, the palsied faculties of man are put into motion, and he is alive to a sense of his rights. — The principles of liberty may be denied, but they cannot now be annulled. They are imprescriptible and sacred; neither king nor parliament (if they were so criminal as to attempt it) can abrogate them. The union of the *people* will break the confederacy of tyrants, and *what has been constitutionally done at one period, may be done again.*

We find a second letter announced under the same title, and with it a vindication of the conduct of the French. We wish our author well through so arduous a task, and recommend to him to shew his strength for the future more in argument than in words.

Remarks on the Nature and Necessity of a Parliamentary Reform. By William Belsham. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dilly. 1793.

The author of these Remarks ranks greatly above mediocrity among the many who have written on the same side of the question. His observations are in general not injudicious, and his candour is much greater than that of most authors who, of late, have engaged in political controversy. He begins by describing the attempts that have been made to obtain a reform in parliamentary representation, and among the most conspicuous of those who have struggled to enforce that desirable measure, he ranks the present minister, whose former conduct he highly approves, though he blames it at present, and thinks the nation has cause to be alarmed at it. The author next speaks of Mr. Burke, whom he considers to have been the occasion of all the late differences of opinion, in having provoked, by the opprobrious epithets bestowed on the French revolution, the publication of the Rights of Man, and other similar pamphlets.

‘Anger, says he, generates anger, and intemperance begets intemperance. By the collision of zeal against zeal, the train is set fire to, and the voice of reason is utterly stifled in the noise and confusion. To charge men with mere terms of abuse, requires, or evinces no superiority of any kind. Such appellations as “infamous gang,” “wicked faction,” “tyrannic impostors,” “incendiaries,” “assassins,” “housebreakers,” “robbers,” such epithets as “foul,” “impious,” “monstrous,” “savage,” “barbarous,” “treacherous,” “wicked,” “cruel,” “clumsy,” “stupid,” &c. &c. may always be hurled back upon the adversary with more force than they are at first employed, because the usage of them is justified by example.’

Our author next proceeds to account for the formation of that Society, called the Friends of the People; and the reasons assigned for that association certainly have weight. The present state of

parliamentary representation is next examined; but on this subject little is advanced that can be remarked for its novelty. In the course of that investigation, however, the author does a commendable act of justice to the memory of the late Dr. Price, by defending his writings against the aspersions of Mr. Burke: some of our readers will probably think this part well worthy of their attention.

In allusion to these pernicious influences and preposterous inequalities, (in the representation) a late celebrated political writer and divine, in the language of patriotic indignation, ventured to stile the present system "a shadow and mockery of representation;" for which, amongst other *senseless assertions*, he has been stigmatized by Mr. Burke as "a political theologian, or theological politician, equally ignorant of the character he left and of that he assumed," and scurrilously reviled as the genuine successor and counterpart of the wretched fanatic, Hugh Peters. But a less extensive knowledge of history than that possessed by Mr. Burke might have suggested to his recollection, "a political theologian, or theological politician," of another description, whose character and writings bear, in the general estimation, a much closer analogy to those of Dr. Price; I mean the famous Father Paul, who was in his day regarded by the enlightened part, not only of his own countrymen, but of Christendom at large, as "the apostle of liberty;" who, in his memorable contest with the court of Rome, vindicated the civil and religious rights of the state of which he was a member, and virtually of all mankind, with such resplendent ability and success, as to shake to their very foundation the pillars of that sanctuary of priestcraft and spiritual usurpation. The *Venetian senate* not being, as it seems, conversant in Mr. Burke's maxims of state policy, thought it no degradation of their dignity to ask the advice, and to be guided by the counsels, of this simple friar, in the most difficult and critical emergencies. Like the venerable patriot whom Mr. Burke has made the object of his malignant abuse, he had the satisfaction to see a diffusion of knowledge, to which he had eminently contributed, undermining superstition and error. And it is recorded of him, that, in the latter period of his life, he was often heard to repeat, or, as Mr. Burke would stile it, "to prophane," the beautiful prophetic ejaculation, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c.* And feeling his ruling passion strong in death, he breathed out his last ardent wishes for the safety and prosperity of his beloved country with Roman energy, in the words *esto perpetua.*

The author considers the idea of a strictly equal representation as vague and inconsistent with the imperfection of human affairs. We cannot follow him through the whole of his enquiry, but rather wish to refer our readers to the work itself.

The

The conclusion only we shall beg leave to extract, as it is animated and energetic, and affords a good specimen of the composition :

‘ With what justice then can it be said, that the sense of the country at large, though allowed to be favorable to the idea of a parliamentary reform in the abstract, is adverse to the agitation of the question in the present circumstances. By no public evil can it be inferred, that the sense of the country is thus adverse ; and who has a right to to *presume* it—or to negative any proposition tending to rational reform upon any such gratuitous presumption ? The only unexceptionable mode of determining the real sense of the country, is to bring the question fairly and openly before parliament, without any secret or sinister attempt to influence the public mind. When it becomes by this means the theme of national discussion, the sense of the public will be clearly ascertained ; and if those who are convinced of the great national benefits ultimately to be derived from a parliamentary reform, and that it may be attempted in present circumstances without hazard, are not powerfully supported by the voice of the nation, it would be absurd and preposterous to persist in their exertions. They would doubtless wait a more favorable opportunity for the renewal of their attempt, and the most favorable opportunity that can ever happen for this purpose, will, in all probability, be such as every good citizen must earnestly deprecate and most ardently wish to avert—*A crisis of public distress, calamity, and confusion, arising from the ruinous continuance of an improvident, unprovoked, and unnecessary war.*’

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. In which the present State of the British Nation is considered, both positively, and in comparison with the present State of the French Nation. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Debrett. 1793.

We have drudged through many a weary page of this performance in hopes of being in some way or other rewarded for our perseverance at last. But we find ourselves miserably deceived, for the author does not appear to have been moved to this undertaking by any other spirit than a determination to write a book. He is indeed a good deal possessed with a spirit of inveteracy against the French nation, and here and there enlivens his page with an indignant philippic against their late proceedings. Were it not these, and a method of jostling the reader with successive interrogatories, it would be impossible for the most persevering industry to keep awake through more than one hundred pages of such matter. A short extract from page 48 will suffice for an example of the mode of arguing by interrogation.

‘ What, says he, are the steps which the foes of useful freedom adopt, with a view to place Englishmen on a footing with the French ? and what is the object to which the steps adopted, are intended

tended to lead? The steps adopted are political clubs, and societies; the object to which they are intended to lead is—a reform.—A reform of what? Of the civil government solely? No. Of the ecclesiastical government solely? No. Of both of these at once? Yes: and of more than of both of these.

To treat our politician after his own fashion—Can there be any scope of argument in a question?—Is there any demonstration in a query?—Will men of reading be satisfied with a discussion carried on in long questions and short answers? No!—Will a book almost wholly composed of them find readers? No!—Will the noble secretary of state to whom it is addressed give it a reading?—Will the court, whom the author flatters, smile upon it?—Will the minister requite his panegyric with a place?—No! No! No!

We would advise this author candidly to examine into the extent of his capacity, before he undertakes a task, for which, judging from the specimen of his talents now under consideration, he appears by no means competent. “*Non ex quovis ligno.*”—

Letter from an Independent Elector of Westminster to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, in Answer to his Letter to his Constituents. 8vo. 6d. Stockdale. 1793.

A most shameless catchpenny! Here is for *six-pence*, lawful money of Great Britain, no less than *seven* octavo pages of stale politics, and about an equal number on which are displayed various advertisements of books published by John Stockdale. It is doubtful, however, whether the details of Mr. Stockdale be not more entertaining than those of the Independent Elector, yet, as *valuable* works are obnoxious to *piracy*, the author has taken the precaution of entering *his* at Stationer's Hall; and to encourage the buying by wholesale, announces, one hundred of them at the low price of one guinea!

Speech of the Earl of Abingdon, on his Lordship's Motion for postponing the further Consideration of the Question for the Abolition of the Slave Trade; with some Strictures on the Speech of the Bishop of St. David's. 8vo. 6d. Debrett 1793.

The public understanding has long been affronted by the arguments offered in favour of the continuance of the slave trade. We never recollect, however, to have met with any thing on that subject equally absurd and disgusting with the contents of this pamphlet. We here observe the flagrant boast of iniquity, unsoftened by an amiable sentiment, and unornamented by the faintest dawn of genius or ability. The personage who is introduced as addressing himself to the house of lords, tells them in the most unequivocal language, and without a blush, that justice and humanity are nothing but the failings of a weak mind; that to express a desire of relieving the most injured of the human race, is to insist
under

under the bloody banners of French republicanism ; and that humbly to petition parliament for a redress of these grievances is *illegal*. When such sentiments as these are uttered by a nobleman, and seconded by the son of a king, could it be matter of surprize were Englishmen to forget, in some degree, their respect for the aristocracy ; or that in them so open a contempt for the most sacred dictates of justice and Christianity should weaken the ties of moral obligation and allegiance, and shake the foundations of religion.

An Enquiry into the present alarming State of the Nation. Shewing the Necessity of a Reform in Government, and a speedy Reduction of Taxes ; an adequate Representation of the People ; and Restoration of Triennial Parliaments. By a Friend to Liberty, to the Community, and a sound Constitution. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Ridgway. 1793.

We are disposed to believe the author to be what he styles himself ; but unhappily his talent for literary composition does not equal the zeal with which he engages in so good a cause. There are, however, in this elaborate performance, many truths, and such as undoubtedly merit the attention of those, who, perhaps justly, will feel a contempt for the manner in which they are related.

M E D I C A L.

A Posologic Companion to the London Pharmacopœia. 12mo. 2s. Johnson. 1793.

‘ To facilitate and abridge the office of prescription, is the editor’s design. To this end *the present work* is offered as a pocket accompaniment for the London Pharmacopœia, to the young physician, who is not yet in the habit of prescribing, and familiar with the administration of medicines. From the most respectable authorities, and from some experience, are given the doses of all the pharmaceutic preparations, and articles in the materia medica of the present London Pharmacopœia. Those articles in the former one, now rejected in the new one, are also comprised ; some of them are excellent, and still in favour with many practitioners ; although the selection in our new Dispensatory is confessedly more elegant and judicious.

‘ The articles in general are marked as given in three doses ; the first is the smallest, the next the medium one, and the last a very full dose ; they do not, however, apply invariably under every circumstance ; they are but an outline to guide the practitioner in his early experience, and to prevent hesitation in calculating quantities.’

The author, in the foregoing Advertisement, very fully declares the object and plan of his work. We shall now annex a short specimen of the manner in which it is executed :

‘ DIC-

- *DICTAMINUS CRETICUS*—folia.
 3fs. to 3i.
 Infused in wine 3i—3ij—3iv.
- *DIGITALIS*—herba.
 Leaves in powder from gr. i. to iij.
 • Or 3i. of the same infused in boiling water ℥i. during four
 hours, adding of any spirituous water 3i. The dose is 3i.
 bis in die; and continued till it acts on the stomach, kidneys,
 or pulse.
- *Elatarium*.
 Gr. fs—i—iij.
- *ELATINE*—folia.
 Expressed juice from 3ij. to 3iv. ter die.
 Extract made from it by water 3i. pro dose.
- *Electuarium e baccis lauri*.
 3fs. in clysters.
 3i—3ij—3iij. internally, in hysteria and flatulency.
- *Electuarium e cassia*.
 3ij—3fs—3i.

Different types and other marks are employed for certain necessary distinctions, which the author explains in the outset. We cannot, upon the whole, think he deserves a large share of credit, either for the plan or its execution; nor can we consider it likely to prove of any material service to medical practitioners.

Prize Dissertations, by M. David, Surgeon at Rouen in Normandy, as adjudged by the Royal Academy of Surgery in Paris. First, on the Effects of Motion and Rest, and their several Modes of Application in Surgery. Secondly, on the various Effects of Counter-Stroke on the human Body, and the Methods of relieving them. Translated from the original French, with copious additional Annotations, by J. O. Justamond, F. R. S. late Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. 4to. 5s. Cadell. 1790.

These Dissertations are a republication of what we deem a valuable portion of the surgical tracts of Mr. Justamond, lately given to the public by Mr. Houlston, consequently they have already come under our consideration. We think the subjects treated on in this work have been by no means sufficiently attended to by surgeons, though the importance of them cannot but be obvious. The Notes, both of the translator and editor, are retained in this edition, and afford considerable illustration to the arguments and cases adduced by M. David.

We shall select from the former dissertation, the author's remarks on ankylosis, and shall subjoin what is said on the same subject by the translator,

* The anchylosis may be the effect of too long-continued rest, of too great inaction of the bones destined usually to move on one another, and then it will be sufficient to restore by degrees these bones to their ordinary motion, either by the action alone of the muscles that are inserted into them, supported with a degree of firmness necessary to overcome the painful sensation of the first motions, or by increasing that action by external powers. It seldom happens, however, that inaction alone, even though continued for a considerable length of time, can produce this disease. Its most usual causes are, the diseased state of the bones, either on their articular surfaces, or in the neighbourhood of the articulations, the inflammation and tension of the ligaments that strengthen them, and of the muscular aponeuroses that cover them. It may be observed indeed, that in the diseased state of the articular surfaces of the bones, the anchylosis may frequently be considered as the resource of nature for the preservation of a limb she is not willing to lose; and in these cases we ought to be so far from resisting the progress of this disease, that our art must be exerted in encouraging it by every possible means. It may here well be presumed that motion is not to be employed to bring about this salutary end, as I shall shew hereafter, when I shall expose the indications which direct the use of rest in surgical complaints. But setting aside these circumstances in which an anchylosis may be considered as an advantage, motion must be the curative medium most to be depended upon in these cases, if we employ it with all the precautions required by the difference of circumstances. We may even have recourse to it with confidence in those cases which seem more particularly to forbid the use of it.'

On this subject, Mr. Justamond observes,

* Perhaps it is one of the great desiderata in surgery, to be able, either to assist nature in the formation of an anchylosis, or to form one artificially when nature does not seem to be disposed to it. Let me be permitted to observe here, that all the means which the ingenuity of surgeons has hitherto contrived, to effect this purpose, seem totally contrary to the method laid down, in the course of this essay, for bringing it about, by absolute rest and total inaction. It has been thought, indeed, that the exciting of inflammation would be likely to procure adhesions between these solid parts. This reasoning has been founded on analogy, from considering the effects which inflammation frequently has on the fleshy parts. Injections, caustics, and setons passed through the joint, in cases of diseased articulations, have all been tried upon this principle. I must, indeed, confess, that I have tried them myself, and seen them often tried by others, without success. If the author's ideas of forming an anchylosis are just, as we may conclude they are from the facts he adduces hereafter in support of them,

them, (some of which I have been witness to), it will appear that all the methods before proposed for this purpose, have rather impeded than forwarded it; so difficult is it to know, how to direct the operations of nature. If the method here proposed should hereafter prove generally successful, many limbs will probably be preserved, as will appear from that part of this essay which treats on the effects of rest in surgical disorders.'

An Appendix to a Treatise on the Hydrocele: containing additional Proofs of the Efficacy of Injection for the Cure of that Disease. By James Earle, Esq. 8vo. 6d. Johnson. 1793.

Mr. Earle, in this publication, brings further proofs of the efficacy of the mode of curing the hydrocele by injection, as recommended in the treatise to which this is intended as a supplement. The cases now recited seem likewise to shew the imprudence of attempting that process when the tunica vaginalis has been too much distended. In such instances, the author recommends the discharge of the fluid by puncture, and afterwards permitting its reaccumulation, till the tumour becomes of a moderate size, when in this state the radical cure by injection may be very properly attempted.

P O E T I C A L.

The Slave Trade; a Poem. Written in the Year 1788. Dedicated to the Gentlemen, who compose that truly noble, generous, and philanthropic Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. 8vo. 1s. Robinsons. 1793.

' That all-creating pow'r who form'd the whole
Of this vast globe, and all that dwell therein,
Stamp'd his own image, Freedom, on each soul,
And made fell tyranny a damning sin.

' Shall ye then, monsters, for your selfish ends,
Dare ye that glorious attribute deface?
Sow curs'd dissensions where kind Heav'n made friends,
And with impunity our isle disgrace?

' Forbid it Heav'n! — Here view, ye British fair,
A living picture of poor *Afric's* woes;
We paint the anguish of a constant Pair,
Now torn asunder by their blacker foes.

' Were these their only suff'rings, which engage
The noblest part of Britain's virtuous sons,
These were enough eternal war to wage
Against all tyrannising Despots' frowns.

' But o'er the rest the Muse would draw a veil,
And in oblivion sink each horrid deed;
But whilst such traffic lives, may truth prevail,
To make each tyrant proud renounce his creed.'

' The

The reader will judge of this little poem by the foregoing extract. The benevolent intention of its author deserves a larger share of commendation than we can venture to bestow on his poetical attempts.

The Gallic Lion, or Modern Pandæmonium, a political Fable. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, M. P. 4to. 1s. Egerton. 1793.

We cannot greatly admire the tuneful roarings of the Gallic Lion, nor do we envy the right hon. person, who shines, by his own permission, in the dedication, the consequence of being the acknowledged patron of such a bard. The fable is a trite imitation of Gay. The author makes Louis XVI. a Lion, and turns him forth to be worried by M. Egalité, a Tiger, Mr. Paine, a Crocodile, and other members of the national convention of France, whom he transforms, as best suits his fancy or his rhyme, into Monkeys, Asses, and Apes. The following address from one of the former will serve as a very just specimen of our poet's abilities.

——— “ Dear sirs, I silence break,
In hopes that what I have to say,
May tend to point to you the way,
Our constitution to amend,
I'd beg to introduce a friend,
Just landed from the neighb'ring isle,
Known by the name of *Crocodile*;
Well vers'd in the affairs of state,
His qualities I will relate;
Sworn enemy to ev'ry king,
And thinks the law an useless thing;
Exhorts each beast to use his *reason*,
And long has liv'd by vending treason;
Has brought about three revolutions
Help'd to form as many constitutions.
He'll stick at nothing, I declare,
I think he'll suit you to a hair;
To kill a king will give him pleasure,
And sirs, my friend is quite at leisure.”
Each one the monkey did commend,
And beg'd he'd run and fetch his friend.’

R E L I G I O U S, &c.

The Duties of Man, a Sermon, preached on Occasion of the public Fast, April 19, 1793. By W. Gilbank, M. A. Rector of St. Ethelburga. 4to. 1s. Rivingtons. 1793.

In discoursing on 1 Thess. iv. 11. ‘ And that ye study to be quiet and do your own business, — Mr. Gilbank exhorts his parishioners

rishioners to a dutiful submission to the existing laws of their country; reprobates the French; hints to them the dangers of innovation; praises our glorious constitution; talks about the folly of equality, and endeavours to persuade the labouring poor that they ought to be, and really are, very happy. Mr. Gilbank's grand argument for dutiful submission (which he repeats over and over again), is, that whatever laws and whatever powers exist in a state, they are the ordinance of God.

Forty Stripes save none for Satan; or, the Devil beaten with Rods.
By William Huntington, S. S. Minister of the Gospel at Providence Chapel, and at Monkwell-street Meeting. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Terry. 1792.

Judging from the extensive catalogue of this author's literary performances, as they appear dilated over the blue cover of that before us, we may both literally and figuratively say, that the press groans with his pious publications. Of so multifarious an author it may seem extraordinary that we should profess to know but little; yet neither of William Huntington, nor of the S. S. affixed to his name, are we able to give our readers any satisfactory account. If we may be allowed to construe in our own way, with regard to the latter, we should be inclined to denominate William Huntington, a Sorry Scribbler; and whether that appellation suit the author or not, let our readers judge from the following extract, which is by no means the least exceptionable, or unedifying in the book:

"There are not three gods; yet the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God; and they are equal in power, equal in glory, and equal in divine majesty. And these three are distinct persons, and they are distinct in their personal properties; and yet co-equal in one undivided essence, and co-eternal in one undivided substance. Mr. Jones allows that "there are three persons in office, name, and character—as far as with respect to the covenant of redemption." These gentlemen are aware that to make an agreement, contract, bargain, or covenant, requires more persons than one.—Two persons, at least, must be engaged in making and signing a covenant; and a third person is required as a witness to it. And it is clear that "there are three that bear record in heaven." But then what are these three? Mr. Jones says "three persons in office, name, and character—as far as with respect to the covenant." This, reader, is the doctrine of Mr. Vesley; this is Sabellianism—*three persons in name and office only in the economy of the covenant*; which names and offices will be replaced or restored to the one person of Christ, as God, when his manhood is separated from the Godhead; and so God in one person will be all in all."

We

We will take leave of this wordy writer and his book of 128 pages, by saying, that, of the forty stripes bestowed on his adversary, if he had only had the charity to "save one," we could have pointed out an instance which has richly merited its application.

A Sermon preached on Occasion of the General Fast, April 19, 1793. in the Parish Church of St. Leonard, in Bridgnorth. By William Corser, A. B. 4to. 1s. Robinsons. 1793.

The author prefixes to this discourse a short advertisement, informing us, that his congregation are to be blamed, if any body is, for its publication. He intimates a wish too, that it may do good. There is scarcely any sermon that can obtain readers, which will not do good by the mere exercise of the mind upon a religious topic; but where the emotions of piety are choaked in every page, by angry allusions to party politics, no great degree of edification can be expected to ensue. For this and other reasons we are disposed to blame the appearance in print of that before us, a distinction to which, in our opinion, neither its composition nor its reasoning entitle it.

A Sermon upon the General Fast, preached in the Parish Church of Kidderminster, on Friday the 19th of April, 1793. By the Rev. G. Butt, A. M. 8vo. 6d. Downes. 1793.

We do not expect much from fast sermons in general; but we are at least led to imagine that, in those compositions which are thought worthy of general perusal, something like good sense, something like the suggestions of an enlightened understanding, ought to be evident. Whether our expectations have been gratified in the work under consideration, let the reader judge from the following sublime climax, and the declamation to which it is connected.

' But now, a vast convulsion of the earth was to be dreaded; but now, it was feared that selfishness and irreligion—all that is ravenous in rapacity—all that is insolent in vanity—all that is blundering in ignorance—all that is spiteful in envy—all that is bloody in vengeance—and all that is wicked in impiety, would be let loose upon the earth in all their worst forms, with all their worst attendants, and with all their most calamitous effects. Such were the apprehensions of those who had heads to think, or hearts to feel for their fellow-creatures. The miseries actually seen in a wide extent, suggested, foreboded, and imaged the like in a still wider: these horrors on their wing, on their widest wing, and tending every where—every where roused men into caution—into fear—into terror—into the utmost spirit and expedition of resistance. But when perils so manifest, had not these effects on some, this their marvellous folly, or this their treacherous baseness,

ness, were observed by the honest part of mankind with silent horror and inexpressible indignation; and observed, I trust, for their own future instruction, as it has caused their present utmost exertion of all human means, to save themselves, and the coming ages, from calamities, of which, alas! we have lately been too well qualified to form some conception: it, however, would have been a very imperfect one, even if we had been nearer witnesses—even if we had been *present* spectators of the recent carnages, which have deformed another page in the history of mankind.'

This is one of those sermons which, if echoed within the walls of a country church to a sleepy congregation, might have gotten the preacher neither credit nor censure.

The Blessings enjoyed by Englishmen, a Motive for their Repentance.

A Sermon preached in Greenwich Church, on the 19th of April, 1793, the Day appointed for a General Fast, and published at the Request of the Congregation. By the Rev. And. Burnaby, D. D. 4to. 1s. Payne. 1793.

The generality of preachers, we believe, would have made the consideration of national blessings a motive for praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty; but Dr. Burnaby, by an aukward perversion of moral causes and effects, enumerates them as the strongest inducement to *repentance* and *supplication* for the *forgiveness of sins*.

Among the many national blessings which we are said to enjoy, this dignified preacher mentions, 'our rivers, our lakes,' aye, 'and our seas too, that abound with fish! our forests with game, and our orchards and gardens with the most delicious fruits!' The doctor proceeds to further particulars, observing that 'our woods are stored with timber, especially with oak, superior to any other in the *known* world,' &c. &c. In short, the national blessings of Old England are detailed in this patriotic sermon with all the minuteness and puffing ostentation of an auctioneer's advertisement. This betrays such a lamentable deficiency of judgment, and such a total want of taste, as far as respects the dignity and decorum of the pulpit, that we hope those good-natured friends, who requested the doctor to publish his discourse, will have a little more respect for his character in future, and not expose the respectable titles of Archdeacon, Vicar, and D. D. to the severe, but just animadversions of criticism.

A Sermon preached at Bath on the Necessity of building a free Church for the general Accommodation of the Parish of Walcot at large; to which is added, an Appendix by several Gentlemen, giving an Account of the Plan. By the Rev. W. Leigh, LL. B. 4to. 1s. Robson. 1793.

It appears from the Appendix, and indeed is well known to those who are acquainted with Bath, that the late excessive in-crease

crease of that city, and particularly in Walcot, hath precluded the poor of that parish from the benefit of attending the public services of religion in their own church. To remedy this evil a plan has been proposed which has obtained the approbation of the diocesan, and this discourse, as its title intimates, has been repeatedly preached to recommend it.—The text is particularly pertinent, and though the subject be not treated as we could have wished to see it, yet the arguments which the preacher has offered are of sufficient weight to recommend the measure.

A Prophecy of the French Revolution and the Downfall of Antichrist ; being two Sermons preached many Years ago. By the late Rev. Mr. John Willison, Minister of the Gospel at Dundee. 8vo. 1s. Forbes. 1793.

The author of these Sermons, we have no doubt, was a pious well meaning man ; but the editor appears in a different light : for taking advantage of the passage annexed, he evidently presumes on the public cullibity, and thus makes a catch-penny of that which was designed for a different purpose.

‘ Before Anti-christ’s fall, one of the ten kingdoms which supported the beast shall undergo a marvellous revolution, Rev. xi. 13. The same hour there was a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell. By which tenth part, is to be understood one of the ten kingdoms into which the great city Romish Babylon was divided : this many take to be the kingdom of France, it being the tenth and last of the kingdoms as to the time of its rise, and that which gave Rome denomination of the beast with ten horns, and also it being the only one of the ten that was never conquered since its rise. However unlikely this and other prophesied events may appear at the time, yet the Almighty hand of the only wise God can soon bring them about when least expected.’

A Discourse endeavouring to demonstrate the Being and Perfections of the Deity. Intended as an Attempt to refute the pernicious Doctrines of Ancient and Modern Atheists, &c. By J. Thomas, A.M. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Reed; Sunderland. 1793.

The author introduces this Discourse with an advertisement to inform his friends and the public, that he has opened a school in Sunderland. Some perhaps will hence infer that his publication was designed for a specimen of his talents. He however assigns different motives. These are a solicitude to furnish a fresh antidote to the fatal poison of infidelity which still continues to operate ; and the desire of recommending a subject at once sublime and delightful. We may add, that where the writings of Bentley, Clark, and Abernethy, are not likely to find admission, this tract may be read to advantage.

A Sermon preached on the late general Fast Day, Friday, April 19th, 1793, at Richmond, in Surrey. By T. Wakefield, A. B. 8vo. 1793.

We sincerely pity the individual who could be so stupid as to 'mistake,' or so malevolent as to 'misrepresent' this excellent and truly Christian discourse. Mr. Wakefield's own apology is also superfluous, and had he not intimated the circumstance to us, we should never have suspected it of having been a *hasty* composition.

The sentiments of this liberal and candid preacher, upon the present calamitous state of political affairs, will, we dare believe, meet the approbation of every sensible man in this kingdom. Speaking of the French, Mr. Wakefield adds :

‘ The unjust and horrid proceedings of the former at home, and their rapacious and tyrannous practices abroad, towards those who confidently received them, excluded all hope of any increase of happiness to the world through an extension of *their* power and influence ; and therefore we have good reason to be thankful, that no probability now remains of their obtaining such ascendancy. But have not the leading parties, on the other hand, combined basely to betray an unoffending king and people in order impiously to subjugate them, and then rapaciously to seize and divide, at lawless pleasure, their inheritance. And this, too, immediately after, and evidently *because*, all orders of men in that now oppressed country, had cordially and virtuously united in reforming their own government, though without either giving or intending, the least reasonable ground of offence to the government of any other nation ! circumstances which ensured to that virtuous king and people the applauses of all the wise and good, and ought to have excited the Christian world in their defence ; though sufficient, it seems, for that very reason, to stimulate the malignancy of despots to overthrow and enslave them ! Notwithstanding, however, these daring violations of all that can be called religion, justice, or humanity, we are still convinced that “ the Lord is king, and that the earth may be glad thereof.” And it is only in reference to the universal sovereignty of God that the generous and feeling mind can find relief under the contemplation of enormous acts of cruelty and oppression which seem beyond all human means of remedy. “ I should utterly have fainted, exclaimed the Psalmist, but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.” And under the righteous providence of that God, who bringeth good out of evil, whose eyes behold the nations, and who ruleth by his power for ever, we may surely and comfortably trust, that public vices, whether of tyrant princes or tyrant republicans, will be made eventually to correct themselves, and confound their impious perpetrators. Let us, then, patiently

patiently wait the Lord's leisure, however protracted, and be piously resigned to his means, however harsh, of effecting such salutary purposes.

' After this short survey, the question again recurs, whence so much fraud, and violence, and oppression, among men who have been vouchsafed the Christian law of universal righteousness, and peace, and love? And the obvious and true answer is, that they are not animated by the Christian spirit; are not in disposition and characters, according to the language of my text, "all one in Christ Jesus."

The invaluable Blessings of our religious and civil Government. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Charles, Plymouth, on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, Dec. 27, 1792, before the Lodge of Unity, and printed at the united Request of the several Lodges of the Antient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, resident in Plymouth, Plymouth-Dock, and Tavi- stock. By R. Hawker, D.D. 8vo. 1s. Law.

This Sermon exhibits a deserved but unqualified panegyric on the English constitution in church and state; but however we may applaud the author for his orthodoxy and loyalty, we cannot forbear noticing that he deals too largely in round assertions, and too little in argument or investigation.

A Paraphrase on the Book of Job, agreeable to the Meaning of the Sacred Text. By E. Elliot, of Rotherham. 12mo. 2s. Printed for the Author. 1792.

The author, in speaking of his publication, says:

' In respect to the style and manner of writing, I am not at all careful what they, who set themselves up as judges in these trifling matters, say—*ill or well, low or sublime, according to rule or without rule, rhyme or doggerel*, is all of no concern to me.' Now, since this is the case, Mr. Elliot, we shall have the less reluctance to tell our readers, that, in our opinion, your Paraphrase is a very miserable performance.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

Gregory's Nose, a Political Romance. 4to. 2s. 6d. Jones. 1793.

This is a severe satire on certain well known characters, who, by a strange, and, we must say, improbable concurrence of circumstances, are brought together on board a convict ship bound for the South Seas. We will not answer for the justice of the satire; but it is, for the most part, pointed and well written. Our only concern is, that the author should have chosen to introduce his heroes with a prelude utterly irrelevant and outré, and in which considerable violence is done to common decorum. Gregory's Nose has, in short, nothing more to do in this work, than to af-

ford the author a pretext for shewing in what way that conspicuous feature sometimes take leave of the human face; and, as this is the case, we would advise him, if the sale of his work demand a second impression, to obliterate it entirely, and, as he is not unpossessed of the faculty of invention, to bring the public acquainted with his *Dramatis Personæ* by some more decent introduction. We will select the confession of a certain eminent and popular historian, which will enable our readers to form an opinion of this singular publication.

‘ Next to the ladies’ favourite sat a gentleman of unpromising appearance and melancholy aspect, with a fallow complexion and a double chin; the eyes of the company, as well as the captain, being fixed upon him, he felt the call, and spoke as follows:

“ I am descended from one of the directors of the South-Sea-bubble, the parliamentary punishment of whose malversation my estate still feels.

“ Imbibing early in life a taste for literature, I cultivated it with zeal and success, but was unfortunate in my political onset; for I had scarcely tasted the rewards of a deserter, before I felt the keen edge of the pruning knife of reformation, which the gentleman who is looking earnestly at me through his spectacles wielded unmercifully, though he has of late thought proper to set his face against every kind of political regeneration.

“ I fled to books to soothe my mind, and travelled with patient diligence through the intricate paths of history: I have endeavoured to elucidate, or fill up a dark and perplexed chasm in the middle ages, which few rays of genius, taste, or sound criticism, had ever pervaded; a rude undigested chaos of rubbish, over which the ignorant and interested minions of bigotry and superstition had diffused a thick cloud of misrepresentation.

“ From scanty and suspicious materials, I produced a work which my opponents confess, with all its faults, is honourable to my country and myself: but as Christianity lay in my way, the pride of human reason could not resist the temptation of making an attack upon it.

“ Conscious, from the experience of past ages, how vain and ineffectual all open measures had proved, I proceeded by sap; and a purpose which would not have stood the test of fair argument and candid disquisition, I endeavoured to effect by sarcastic hint, sceptical suggestion, metaphysic inuendo, solemn irony, and latent ridicule.

“ On the purest of all religions I attempted to charge the base arts of churchmen, popes, unprincipled politicians, and general councils: though I well knew, and still know, that the decline of real piety is to be dated from the moment that Christianity was converted by establishments into a state engine, while elaborate
tests,

tests, unintelligible creeds, and ensnaring subscriptions, have marred the fair face and beautiful simplicity of the gospel.

“ But the smile of my vizard was unmasked, my sophistry was seen through, and the theory on which it was built proved false : for my efforts to fix on religion the faults and imperfections of its professors, was as absurd a mode of reasoning, as it would be to describe the reign of a king as generally tyrannical and despotic, because occasionally his minister was ignorant and headstrong, a judge partial, brow-beating and oppressive, or an exciseman insolent, extortionate, and obtruding.

“ The readers of my history also lamented, that instead of the plain intelligible dignity of historic language, I had formed a style figurative and poetic, rather befitting the rhetorician or romance writer than the pupil of Livy and Tacitus : while my idiom was intolerably Gallic, and my narrative too often wire-drawn through the flowery mazes of languid circumlocution and studied phraseology.

“ My bookseller told me that if he bought my book, I must render it a saleable article ; for which reason I o’erleaped the bounds of delicacy and decorum, called rape and seduction an amiable weakness, and interlarded the learning of my notes with filthy allusions and disgusting obscenity, which, however it may be occasionally enveloped in a dead language, is as repugnant to good taste as it to propriety.

“ For this and other reasons my writings were rendered unfit for the perusal of the rising generation ; they produced, to use my own words, a smile from the grave and a blush from the fair ; and, notwithstanding their acknowledged merits, were considered as highly exceptionable.

“ My Switzerland friends were offended at my scepticism ; and although I was absurd enough to declare in my history, that I wished to die in peace with the pope and clergy of Rome, after I had inflicted deep and incurable wounds on the hierarchy, I was not without apprehensions of an emissary from the Vatican : like other infidels, or pretended infidels, notwithstanding my insidious smiles and artful suggestions, *I believed and trembled*. An outcry was raised against me ; I ordered my books to be packed up, and meditate another work, in which my talents as an historian, a critic, and a philosopher, may be elaborately displayed, without attempting to take a necessary bridle out of the mouth of that wild beast, man, or violating the most scrupulous delicacy.”

The Life of the late Earl of Barrymore. Including a History of the Wargrave Theatricals, and original Anecdotes of eminent Persons. By Anthony Pasquin, Esq. 8vo. 2s. Symonds. 1793.

The character of lord Barrymore has for many years been before the public, and has by that public been appreciated in such a man-

manner, that a formal panegyric upon his virtues is probably a work rather unexpected. Such, however, is the present performance, in which the author asserts, and we are ready to unite with him in this opinion, that to a too early entrance upon the theatre of life, rather than to a depraved heart, may the errors of this unfortunate nobleman be ascribed. His conclusion, however, will not be so readily admitted: 'I will not aver, says Mr. Pasquin, that he was perfect; but I will insist that he was good.' A considerable share of the pecuniary embarrassments which lord Barrymore suffered, are imputed by his biographer to his taste for dramatic exhibitions, in the pursuit of which he had expended upon his private theatre at Wargrave (which he was persuaded to pull down last summer) upwards of sixty thousand pounds; and his theatrical establishment was proverbially superb. His house is described by this author as a scene of the utmost hospitality and festivity; but how far all the guests who were admitted might admire the standing joke practised there is, perhaps, a little questionable. We shall select an account of it as a specimen of the work.

Lord Barrymore was the most apt and successful person in beginning and pursuing a social species of imposition, called *humbugging*, I ever sat with or observed. There was an innocent deceit practised at Wargrave upon all strangers, yeilded *The Brogue Makers*; it was thus: one of the gentlemen was requested by the noble host to sing the song of *The Brogue Makers*, at the same time preparing the unknowing and unsuspecting visitor to expect a high treat of wit and humour. The chaunter, after many apologies for his hoarseness, began, in a loud key, the supposed song, 'There were three jolly Brogue Makers.' At the conclusion of the line he was interrupted by one opposite, who affirmed, that was not the tune. After some few distant remarks upon the rudeness of stopping a gentleman in his song, who was at best labouring to oblige the company, he began again, and was again stopped by another in the same place, with an objection still more harsh. These interdictions operating strongly to the disappointment of the stranger, who had been taught to expect some very comic effusion; and who had been sitting with his mouth half open, in the very zenith of high-wrought desire, he generally addressed lord Barrymore upon the propriety or impropriety of such interferences; who constantly fortified his received disgust by declaring, that the stranger's remonstrance was just, that he was extremely sorry the general entertainment was protracted by such indecent conduct, and concluded by desiring the songster to begin again, to oblige the stranger and himself, if no other gentleman. In obedience to this summons, the song was again begun, and again opposed by some remark more rude than the preceding. This generally formed the

climax of the visitor's resentment; who rose, with great indignation, and applied some intolerable epithet to the person who had been instrumental in destroying the harmony of the evening. This was the cue for a contest; both parties instantly stripped to decide the dispute, *a la Mendoza*, on the spot: but before any blow was given, each combatant had his arms pinioned behind him by the company until lord Barrymore had addressed the stranger, by very gravely assuring him, that the celebrated ballad of *The Brogue Makers* was begun, comprehended, and concluded in one line; that the whole affair was a humbug; that the gentleman he was going to fight was one of the most polished men in existence; and that he longed for nothing so much as the opportunity of taking him by the hand, and paying him every civility imaginable. Here a general laugh ensued, the parties rehabilited themselves, and the visitor hid his chagrin as well as he could.'

A small Whole-length of Dr. Priestley, from his printed Works. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1792.

The contradictions and errors into which so voluminous an author as Dr. Priestley must necessarily fall, are so numerous, that it is unnecessary to load him with new ones, which have no foundation. As the present, however, is evidently a party publication, it is hardly *fair* to expect it to be *candid*, if we may be allowed the expression; and all that can be looked for in it are a few good points, that may serve to hold up the hero of the piece in a ludicrous point of view.

We shall select a few of the features from this whole length.

'Our author's political casuistry is as curious as his principles. He has one measure for us and another for himself. In his letters to Mr. Burke he lays it down, that we have no business to find fault with the French for what they have thought proper to do in their own affairs. But if it be a good rule to let our neighbours alone in managing for themselves, how comes it that the doctor is so busy and so severe a critic upon the church of England, a society to which he does not belong?

'When a man denies his own conduct to those who are witnesses of it, and expects to be believed; whatever that man may call himself, we generally agree to call him *impudent*. Has not our doctor, for many years past, been libelling the religion and the clergy of the church of England; predicting ruin to the government, and recommending a new one after the model of France; calling our religious establishment a *fungus*, a *loth*, a *glutton*; and threatening it with a destructive explosion from the gunpowder, which he and his friends have been conveying under the fabric? Yet the man who had said all these things, and many more, (for which see the collection in the Appendix), tells the inhabi-

tants

tants of Birmingham, they *had uniform experience* of his *peaceable behaviour* for eleven years. (See *Thoughts on the late Riots at Birmingham*, p. 7.)'

Our author's observations respecting America, and its present political state, are exact; but the prospect has since become more gloomy. The political machine, wielded by the steady hand of Washington, promised to degenerate into an aristocracy. Those who consider the state of the back-settlements, will not be surprised at the result being anarchy, and a separation into independent states.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

THE judicious observations of our Correspondent from Wolverhampton shall be attended to.

In answer to a Letter we have received from Dublin, we have only to state, that it could never be our intention to convey any insinuation against so respectable a body of men as the Royal Irish Academy. We modestly hinted, in general terms, our doubts concerning the propriety of the actual *members* of any learned body receiving the prizes, which they or their colleagues are to distribute; and without wishing to entertain the slightest suspicion to the disadvantage of the Society in question, we still must entertain a doubt concerning the general propriety of such a measure. With great cheerfulness we correct a mistake, which we trust our distance from the scene of action, will excuse. The question concerning National Education was (our Correspondent informs us) 'proposed in the *express words* of the *unknown* donor of the prize.'

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.

IN our review of Mr. Hodson's Sermon, the following sentence was quoted as deficient in grammatical construction, being entirely unconnected with both what precedes and follows, but by an error of our compositor it was strangely misrepresented:

"They have released as from the pity which a benevolent mind feels for the calamities even of an enemy, because they have thrown aside the very nature and attributes of men in a state of cultivated society."

